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EXCURSION (FUTILE ENOUGH) TO PARIS; AUTUMN 1851:

THROWN ON PAPER, WHEN GALLOPING, FROM SATURDAY TO TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4-7, 1851.

By THOMAS CARLYLE.

A BRISK, bright autumn evening as I rolled through the streets of Paris; recognise my route first on the Boulevard, still better in the Rue de la Paix and Place Vendome; cigar nearly done, we are at the door of Meurice's in the Rue de Rivoli, a crowd of cabs and other such miscellanies loitering there. Concierge, old good-humoured woman with black eyes and clean cap, knows the number of the Ashburtons, knows not whether they are at home: my cabman, an old, poor, good-humoured knave of the whip, is defective in *petite monnaie*, at length by aid of the concierge we settle handsomely; Mason, too, Lord Ashburton's servant, appears, and I get aloft into my appointed bedroom, "No. 22," a bare fantastic place looking out into the street—bad prospects of *sleep*—though I am at the very top of the house for that object. Both Lady and Lord have gone out, not finding me at four as covenanted; dinner is to be "at six precisely." Walk on the streets, finishing my cigar; dress, have melancholy survey of my bedroom; dinner in the dim *salle à manger*, seasoned with English news; after dinner to the *Théâtre Français*, where Lord Normanby has been pleased to furnish us his box. Very bad box, "stage-box," close to the actors; full of wind-drafts, where we all

took *cold* more or less. A clever energetic set of faces visible in stalls (far superior to such as go to Drury Lane); among them, pointed out by Lady Ashburton, who had met him, the figure of Changarnier. Strange to see such a man sitting sad and solitary there to pass his evening. A man of placid baggy face, towards sixty; in black wig, and black clothes; high brow, low crown, head *longish;* small hook nose, long upper lip (all shaved), corners of which, and mouth generally, and indeed face generally, express obstinacy, sulkiness, and silent long-continued labour and chagrin. I could have likened him to a retired shopkeeper of thoughtful habits, much of whose savings had unexpectedly gone in railways. Thomas Wilson of Eccleston-street resembles him in nose and mouth; but there was more intellect in Changarnier, though in a smoke-bleared condition. A man probably of considerable talent; rather a dangerous-looking man. I hear he is from Dijon, come of reputable parliamentary people. Play was called *La Gageure Imprévu*, or some such name; worthless racket and cackle (of mistaken jealousy, &c., in a country château of the old régime); actors rather *good;* to me a very wearisome affair. Lady Ashburton went to her mother's at the end of this; Lord Ashburton and I staid out a trial of the next piece, *Maison de St. Cyr:* actors very good here again, play wretched, and to my taste sadder and sadder —two *roués* of Louis XIV. time, engaged in seducing two Maintenon boarding-school girls, find the door of St. Cyr *locked* as they attempt to get out; find at the window an Exempt "*de par le roi*," are carried to the Bastille, and obliged to marry the girls: their wretched mockeries upon marriage, their canine libertinage and soulless grinning over all that is beautiful and pious in human relations, were profoundly saddening to me; and I proposed emphatically an adjournment for tea; which was acceded to, and ended my concern with the French theatre for this bout. Pfaugh! —the history of the day was done; but upstairs, in my naked, noisy room, began a history of the night, which was much more frightful to me. Eheu! I have not had such a night these many years, hardly in my life before. My room had *commodes*, chefſoniers, easy chairs, and a huge gilt pendule (half an hour wrong) was busy on the mantelpiece; but on the bed was not a rag of curtain, the

pillow of it looked directly to the window, which had *battants* (*leaves*, not sashes), no shutters, nor with all its screens the possibility of keeping out the light. Noises from the street abounded, nor were wanting from within. Brief, I got no wink of sleep all night; rose many times to make readjustments of my wretched furniture, turned the pillow to the foot, &c.; stept out to the balcony four or five times, and in my dressing-gown and red night-cap *smoked* a short Irish pipe there (lately my poor mother's), and had thoughts enough, looking over the Tuileries garden there, and the gleam of Paris city during the night watches. I could have laughed at myself, but indeed was more disposed to cry. Very strange: I looked down on armed patrols stealthily scouring the streets, saw the gleam of their arms; saw sentries with their lanterns inside the garden; felt as if I could have leapt down among them—preferred turning in again to my disconsolate truckle bed. Towards two o'clock the street noises died away; but I was roused just at the point of sleep by some sharp noise in my own room, which set all my nerves astir;—I could not try sleep again till half-past four, when again a sharp noise smote me all asunder, which I discovered now to be my superfluous friend the heterodox *pendule* striking (all wrong, but on a sharp loud bell, doubly and trebly loud to my poor distracted nerves just on the act of closing into rest) the *half*-hour! This in waking time I had not noticed; this, and the *pendule* in *toto*, I now stopt; but sleep was away; the outer and the inner noises were awake again; sleep was now none for me—perhaps some hour of half stupor between six and seven, at which latter hour I gave it up; and determined, first, to have a tub to wash myself in; secondly, not for any consideration to try again the feat of "sleeping" in that apartment for one. My controversies about the tub (*baquet*, as I happily remembered to call it) were long and resolute, with several successive lackeys to whom I jargoned in emphatic mixed lingo; very ludicrous if they had not been very lamentable; at length I victoriously got my *baquet* (a feat Lord Ashburton himself had failed in, and which I did not try again while there): huge tub, five feet in diameter, with two big cans of water, into which with soap and sponges I victoriously stept, and made myself thoroughly

clean. Then out—out, thank heaven!—to walk and smoke; an hour yet to breakfast time.

Rue de Rivoli had been mainly built since my former visit to Paris; a very fine-looking straight street of five or six-storey houses, with piazza; French aspect everywhere, otherwise reminding me of Edinburgh New Town, and only, perhaps, *three* furlongs in length. Streets straight as a *line* have long ceased to seem the beautifullest to me. Population rather scanty for a metropolitan street; street-sweeper, "*cantonniers*," a few omnibuses with Passy, Versailles, &c., legible, a few straggling cabriolets and insignificant vehicles—it reminded you of Dublin with its car-driving, not of London anywhere with its huge traffic and its groaning wains. Walkers anywhither were few. Tuileries Garden (close on my left) seemed to have grown *bushier* since my visit; the trees, I thought, were far larger, but nobody would confirm this to me when I applied to neighbours' experience. I did not enter Tuileries Garden yet: sentries in abundance; uncertain whether *smoking* was permitted *within;* judged it safest to keep the street—westward, westward. *Place de la Révolution* (Place Louis Quinze) *altogether* altered; Obelisk of Luxor, asphalt spaces and stone pavements, lamps all on big *gilt* columns, big fountain (its Nereids all silent): a smart place, and very French in its smartness; but truly an open, airy quarter, Champs Elysées woods, broad roads, river, quais, all very smart indeed. Cross the bridge (Pont de la Concorde, I think, a new-looking bridge), Palais Bourbon or National Assembly House on the south side of it,—*No*, I did not now cross these, I crossed by the next bridge eastward (Pont Royal), that was my route, so important to myself and mankind! Quais rather rusty and idle-looking; river itself no great things either for size or quality,—bathing-barges mainly, and nothing very clean, or busy at all. Re-cross by the *Pont des Arts;* Louvre getting itself new-faced, its old face new *hewn*, complicated scaffoldings and masons hanging over it. Much of the interior is getting pulled down; Carrousel, Tuileries, Jardin des Tuileries, Palais Royal, &c., all looked *dirty*, unswept, or insufficiently swept,—the humble besom is not perhaps the chosen implement of France. Home at nine: *all* our party ill of cold, Lady

invisible; my room to be next night a much better, curtained and quite elegant, but still *not* quiet one, on this same floor (the third I think; directly above the pillars and the first entresol), looking out into the interior court: there I will try again, one night at least. Lord Ashburton to see "Museums" or some such thing with two French "gentlemen of distinction"; I decline to go; lie down on a sofa, covering my face with a newspaper, address two stamped Galignani's *Journals*, to Chelsea, to Scotsbrig, and decide to do nothing whatever all day but lie still and solicit rest. *Si fait;* —but very little rest may prove discoverable? I lay in one place —at least, having first made a call on the Brownings whom I found all brisk and well-rested in the Rue Michodière (queer old quiet inn, *Aux armes de la Ville de Paris*), and very sorry for my mischances. After noon, Lord Ashburton returned, out to make calls, &c.; I with him in the carriage, into the *Pays Latin* and other quarters; lazily *looking* at Paris, the only thing I care to do with it in present circumstances. Did me good, that kind of "exercise," the hardest I was fit for. *Nimm Dich in Acht.*—At 4 o'clock home, when two things were to be done: M. Thiers to be received, and a ride to be executed,—of which only the former took fulfilment.

A little after 4 Thiers came. I had seen the man before in London, and cared not to see him again; but it seemed to be expected I should stay in the room, so after deciphering this from the hieroglyphs of the scene, I staid. Lord and Lady Ashburton, Thiers and I; a sumptuous enough drawing-room, yellow silk sofas, pendules, vases, mirrors, turkish carpet, good wood fires; dim windy afternoon: voilà. Royer-Collard, we heard, once said: "Thiers est un polisson; mais Guizot, c'est un drôle!" Heigho, this was Prosper Mérimée's account afterwards, heigho! M. Thiers is a little brisk man towards sixty, with a round, white head, close-cropt and of solid business form and size; round fat body tapering like a ninepin into small fat feet, and ditto hands; the eyes hazel and of quick, comfortable, kindly aspect, small Roman nose; placidly sharp fat face, puckered eyeward (as if all gravitating towards the eyes); voice of thin treble, peculiarly musical;—gives you the notion of a frank social kind of creature, whose cunning

must lie deeper than words, and who with whatever *polissonnerie* may be in him has absolutely no malignity towards anyone, and is not the least troubled with self-seekings. He speaks in a good-humoured treble *croak* which hustles itself on in continuous copiousness, and but for his remarkably fine voice would be indistinct,—which it is not even to a stranger. "Oh, bah! eh b'en lui disais-j—" &c.—in a monotonous low gurgling key, with occasional sharp yelping warbles (very musical all, and inviting to cordiality and laissez-aller), it is so that he speaks, and with such a copiousness as even Macaulay cannot rival. "Oh, bah, eh b'en!" I have not heard such a mild broad river of discourse; rising anywhere, tending anywhither. His little figure sits motionless in its chair; the hazel eyes looking with face puckered round them placidly animated; and the lips presided over by the little hook-nose, going, going! But he is willing to stop too if you address him; and can give you clear and dainty response about anything you ask. Not the least officiality is in his manner; everywhere rather the air of a *bon enfant*, which I think really (with the addition of *coquin*) must partly be his character!—Starting from a fine Sèvres vase which Lady Ashburton had been purchasing, he flowed like a tide into pottery in general; into *his* achievements when minister and encourager of Sèvres; half-an-hour of this, truly wearisome, though interspersed with remarks and questions of our own. Then suddenly drawing bridle, he struck into *Association* (Lord Ashburton had the day before been looking at some of the Associated Workmen); gave his deliverance upon that affair, with anecdotes of interviews, with political and moral criticisms, &c., &c. For me *wenig zu bedeuten*, but was good too of its kind. One master of *Associés*, perhaps a hatter, "ruled like a Cromwell,"—though by votes only; and had *banished* and purged out the opposition party, not to say all drunkards and other unfit hands: *tel régime de fer* was the *indispensable* requisite;—for which, and for other reasons, Association could never succeed or become general among workmen. Besides, it forbade *excellence*: no rising from the ranks *there*, to be a great captain of workers,—as many, six or seven of whom he named, had done by the common method. Then applicable only to hatters, chair-makers, and tradesmen whose market was *con-*

stant. Try it in iron-working, cotton-spinning, or the like, there arrive periods when no market can be found, and without immense capital you must *stop.* Good thing however for keeping men from *chômage*, for 'educating' them in several respects. Thing to be left to try itself,—is not, and never can be, the true way of men's working together. To all this I could well assent; but wished rather it would all end, there being little new or important in it to me! At length, on inquiry about Michelet (for whom I had a letter) we got into a kind of literary strain for a little. Michelet stood low in T.'s esteem as a historian; lower even than in mine. Good-humoured contempt for Michelet and his airy syllabubs of hypothetic *songerie* instead of narrative of facts. "Can stand *le Poète* in his *place;* but not in the domain of truths":—a sentence, commented on and expanded, which indicated to me no great *æsthetic* sovereignty on the part of M. Thiers,—leave him alone then! Our conclusion was, M. Michelet was perhaps a bit of a *sot;*—M. Lamartine, who had meanwhile come in course too, being definable rather as a *fat* (a hard saying of mine, which T. with a grin of laughter adopted):—and so we left Parnassus à la Française; and M. Thiers, who could not stay dinner, took himself away. Our horses, in the meanwhile, had roved about saddled for two hours, and were now also gone. Nothing remained but to "dress for dinner," when at seven the two French gentlemen of distinction were expected.

Our two *Distingués* were literary, one Mérimée already mentioned, a kind of critic, historian, *linguistically* and otherwise of worth, a hard, logical, smooth but utterly barren man (whom I had seen before in London, with little wish for a second course of him); the other a M. Laborde, Syrian traveller; a freer-going, jollier, but equally unproductive human soul. Our dinner, without Lady, was dullish,—the talk confused, about Papal aggression, &c.—supported by me in very bad French (unwillingly), and in Protestant sentiments, which seemed very strange to my sceptical friends. Joan of Arc too came in course, about whom a big book had just come out: of *De l'Averdy*, neither of our friends had ever heard! In the drawing-room with coffee it was a little better: a little better: a little, not much; at last they went away; and I, after some pre-

cautions and preparations into bed,—where, in a few minutes, in spite of noises, there fell on me (thank heaven) the gratefullest deep sleep; and I heard or thought of nothing more for six hours following!—so ends the history of Saturday, September 26th. *Ay de mi!*

Sunday morning, short walk again; glance into the *Champs Elysées* and their broad avenue with omnibuses;—I had to return soon for breakfast. My good sleep,—though it ended at 5 a.m. and would not recommence,—had made me very happy in comparison. Breakfast,—baddish always, tea and coffee *cold*, &c., the *Hôtel Meurice*, spoiled by English and success, in general *bad*, though the most *expensive* to be found in Paris. Lord Ashburton's bill (I incidentally learned) was about £45 a week, self, Lady Ashburton and two servants, maid and man!—After breakfast came Lord Granville, talked intelligently about the *methods* of "Glass Palace" (bless the mark!),—graphic account of Fox the builder thereof; once a medical student, ran off with master's daughter, lived by his wits in Liverpool, lecturing on mechanics, &c., got into the railway; became a railway contractor, ever a bigger and bigger one (though without funds or probably almost without), is now very great,—"ready to undertake the railway to Calcutta" at a day's notice, if you asked him: *he* built the glass soap bubble, on uncertain terms:—very well described indeed. A cleverer man, this Lord Granville, than I had quite perceived before. After his departure, wrote to Chelsea, to Scotsbrig; towards 2 went to walk with *Herrschaft* in the Tuileries Gardens; Garden very *dirty*, fallen leaves, dust, &c.; many people out: to *Place de la Concorde*, opposite Lady Sandwich's windows (2, Rue Saint Florentin) where Talleyrand once dwelt. Lady Ashburton still suffering from cold, couldn't go to see her mother, went driving by herself,—the last time she was out at all during my stay:—after a call by Lord Ashburton and me at Lady S.'s we went, about 3 p.m., to ride; the *Champ de Mars* our first whitherward.

Paris, Sunday:—All rather *rusty;* crowds not very great; cleanness, neatness, neither in locality nor population, a conspicuous feature. Ch. de Mars all hung round with ugly *blankets* on Pont-du-Jean side; a balloon getting filled; no sight except

for payment. Against my will, we dismounted at another entrance, and went in. Horse-holder with brass badge, vehement against another without: "Sergent de Ville!"—at length *he* got possession of the horses, and proved a very bad "holder." Dirty chaos of cabriolets, &c., about this gate: four or five thousand people in at half-a-franc, or to the still *more* inner mysteries, a franc each. Clean shopkeeper people, or better, unexpectedly intelligent—come to see this! A sorry spectacle; dusty, disordered Champ de Mars, and what it now held. Wooden barriers were up; seats on the old *height* raised for Feast of Pikes, which is terribly sunk now, instead of "thirty feet" hardly eight or ten, without grass, and much of it torn away altogether. Grassless, *graceless*, untrim and sordid, everything was! An Arab razzia, with sad *gurrous*, and blanketed scarecrows of performers (perhaps 15 or 20 in all) was going on; then a horse race ditto; noisy music, plenty of soldiers guarding and operating. I moved to come away; but just then they inflated a hydrogen *mannequin* of silk; his *foot* quivered and shook, he was soon of full size, then they let him off, and he soared majestically like a human tumbler of the first grace and audacity, right over the top of the inflated balloon (I know not by what mechanism), perhaps 500 feet into the air, and then majestically descended on the other side: none laughed, or hardly any except we. Off again; find our horses with effort,—man wants two francs not one: a modest horse-holder! We ascend the river-side; dirty lumber on all sides of path: *guingette* (coarse dirty old house, ditto wooden balcony, and mortals miserably drinking):—across by *Pont de Grenoble*, into Passy, by most dusty roads, omnibuses, cabs, &c., meeting us in clouds pretty often, on each side to Auteuil, finally into *Bois de Boulogne*, which also is a dirty scrubby place (one long road mainly of two miles or so, with paltry bits of trees on each hand, and dust in abundance); there we careered along at a sharp trot, and had almost all to ourselves, for nobody else except a walker or two, a cab-party or two at long intervals, were seen. Ugly unkept grass on each side; cross-roads, one or two, turning off into one knew not what; I found it an extremely sober "Park"! One of the "Forts" with great ugly chasms round it, on our left. At length we emerge again into

Passy; see the balloon high overhead, people in it waving their hats, mannequin (shrunk to a monkey) hanging on below: a sudden wind then blew it away,—for ever, one was glad to think. Arc de l' Etoile, some *Hippodrome* just coming out, and such a bewildered gulf-stream of people and cabs on the big road townwards as I never saw before! Lord Ashburton cautioned me to ride vigilantly, the people being reckless and half-drunk: crack, crack, *gare! gare à vous!* it was abundantly unpleasant; at length I proposed setting off with *velocity* in the aggressive manner, and that soon brought us through it. Dirty theatre tea-gardens (where are singers, drink, &c.), with other more pleasant suburb houses, were nestled among the ill-grown trees,—why is this wood so ill-grown? At the corner of Place de la Concorde, "*Secour aux Blessés*" stood painted on a signboard of a small house (police or public house); a significant announcement. Rain was now falling. Many carriages; almost all shabby. One dignitary had two servants in livery, and their coat-skirts were *hung over* the rear of the carriage, to be rightly conspicuous; the genus *gentleman* (if taken strictly) seemed to me extremely rare on the streets of Paris, or rather not discoverable at all. Perhaps owing to the *season*, all being in the country? Plenty of well-dressed men were on the streets daily; but their air was seldom or never "gentle" in our sense: a thing I remarked.—Dinner of two was brief and dim; *épurées*, what they are. After coffee, English talk; winded up with (*obligato*) readings of Burns, which were not very successful in my own surmise.—To bed, and alas! no sleep, but tossing, fluctuating, and confusion till 4 a.m.; a bad preparation for next day.

(To be concluded.)

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK AND THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

THERE is, or was in Pre-Wagnerian days, a delightfully comic air in Rossini's *Barber of Seville*, illustrating the growth of Calumny; and we of the older generation have often enjoyed Tagliafico's inimitable Don Basilio explaining the genesis and evolution of the Lie. I often think the sapient Don must have given private lessons in Calumny to the party scribes who rail at the London County Council every morning and every night. The election of the Council in January, 1889, was certainly a rude awakening, after the long Tory triumph of Metropolitan Radicalism. And it was seen at once by party men that if the bulk of the sixty London seats were lost in Parliament at the next General Election the Tory game was up. Accordingly the word was soon passed round to direct a concentrated fire on the Council, as presenting the dangerous point of the Liberal wedge. Nothing loth, the party scribes gave tongue, and from that day to this they have kept up an uninterrupted bark, like terriers on a tradesman's van, who show their teeth at innocent passers-by and refuse to be comforted—"for 'tis their nature to"—as the poet reminded our youth.

Not being in any sense a party man, and taking an independent view of my duties as a humble member of the Council, who stands quite apart from any caucus whatever and often finds grounds to vote with the retrograde minority, I have watched the growth of Calumny with much interest and some indignation. I am far from thinking of my colleagues as infallible: it is known that I differ from the majority on several of their most cherished doctrines;

and I often separate myself from them in what, in my humble judgment, are serious mistakes. But as the candid friend of both organised parties, I am driven to confess that a more unscrupulous, mendacious, unreasonable attack on a body of public servants than that on the London Council has rarely disgraced modern politics.

Day and night the terriers of journalism bark on. The Council is extravagant and penurious; wasteful and niggardly; insolent and cringing; restlessly active and miserably apathetic; bent on confiscation and sunk in red tape; full of imperial ambition and with all the grovelling narrowness of a vestry board; doing nothing but squander the ratepayers' money and busy with fifty things which they cannot perform—and so on and so on the torrent of inconsistent charges and ludicrous misrepresentations pours on. Why does not the Council sweep away the snow—the mud—the dust? cry some who ought to know better. Well, as everyone ought to know, because the Legislature has denied them the right to encroach on the business of other bodies, and the Council has by law no more power to touch the snow, the mud, or the pavement of the streets than it has to stop the rain from heaven or lock up the east wind. Why does not the Council reimpose the Coal Dues and save the rates? Because Parliament and the present Government thought fit to abolish the Coal Dues, and the Council have no more to do with the Coal Dues, as Lord Rosebery said, than they have with the Pyramids. Why does not the Council give us pure water, cheapen gas, put down nuisances, suppress smoky chimneys, stop the Salvation Army, and generally make London like Paris or Venice? Well, because the London County Council, as by law established, is not the Metropolitan Providence, nor is it the Legislature of this kingdom, nor is it the Prefect of the Thames, nor has it the ordinary municipal authority possessed by the Corporations of the City of Manchester, Birmingham, or Glasgow. Perhaps the height of absurdity was reached the other day by an eminent painter who wrote to the newspapers to complain that the Council did not tax ugly advertisements and reduce his rates! Well, the Council has no more power to tax advertisements than it has to put a duty on corn. Æsthetes still differ as to what is ugly. And if it came to taxing ugly things, perhaps some

charming painters, who live in worlds of beauty of their own creation, would like us to put a heavy penalty on ugly faces! How the rates would drop!

Rubbish! lies, party business, professional railing, and mere snobbery of imitating the grumbling of Tory swells, who very naturally do not love the Council. The London Council of 1889 was the most definitely democratic and reforming body of men ever elected in this country. It was the first time that in England a municipal council had been chosen on principles and with a programme of reform such as we have often seen in France and elsewhere. Those principles and that programme were in direct conflict with those of the present Government and the House of Commons; and the strong phalanx of Metropolitan Tory members naturally saw it with dismay and communicated their dismay to the Ministry. It was truly the death-knell of the Tory Ministry and their municipal principles. Very naturally, then, there followed, and has been maintained throughout the existence of the Council, a strong, silent, veiled, but obstinate opposition to the Council on the part of the present Government. Ministers, of course, were guarded in overt acts and specious in words; Mr. Ritchie is a capable, judicious man, who was not likely to compromise his party; he has been courteous, patient, and not actively hostile. But all the same the Metropolitan M.P.'s had fair opportunity to harass, insult, thwart the Council at every step.

It was easy for the Government to exhibit a grand impartiality whilst seeing that the Council they had created on a very tentative basis and confined within very tight limits should be snubbed, checked, muzzled, and, as far as was decent, paralysed by the Ministers who had created it, and who found their child turn out so active and so very little disposed to accept parental advice from anyone. There was hence very good ground for friction. The Council was elected on very plain and broad principles of municipal reform. These principles were put forth in the election addresses of the Radical majority. It was their duty to assert them, and not to burke the pledges they had given to their constituents. They did assert those principles. The Council felt itself to be the real Parliament of London, and it spoke freely (many of us think not

always wisely) to the Parliament at Westminster. But that was the natural result of self-government and the representative system.

It may be that a Council elected for the first time by four or five millions of Londoners felt rather too keenly that it had to express the voice of this mighty city on many grievances which were not strictly part of its daily routine. Few will say that the Council did not at first several times step out of its province by appeals to the Legislature on what were really matters of Imperial policy, and as an independent non-party man I am free to admit that, in my humble judgment, the majority were not always right in the policy they urged. But, at the same time, it must be remembered that it was the policy on which the elections had been fought and won. And the hacks who day and night cry out that the Council has nothing to do but to mind the sewers and the parks little know the spirit of English politicians.

The Council has proved itself the most economical municipality which any great city possesses or perhaps ever had. It has not increased the rates in three years, in spite of vast improvements in public convenience. It shows an almost morbid terror of increasing the rates, and in my judgment often errs quite mischievously on the side of economy. The rating of London, the municipal debt of London, are in striking contrast with the far larger burdens of the great cities of the Continent and of America. The municipal government of London is, of all capitals, the cheapest in the world. These are the figures given by Sir John Lubbock in his excellent annual address:—

	Annual Expenditure per head of Population.			Amount of Debt per head of Population.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
London	2	7	9	9	3	8
Birmingham	2	16	5	10	1	8
Manchester	3	4	7	8	2	5
Vienna	3	2	10	7	11	9
Paris	5	4	7	32	5	3
Philadelphia	3	16	11	14	5	2
Boston	6	2	3	24	10	7
New York	6	3	4	16	13	3

And it is beyond doubt the purest and most honest. The curse

of all great cities is corruption in the municipality, which in some countries on both sides of the Atlantic is a national scandal. London now has a municipality which is absolutely free from this taint, or even the suspicion of it. Its finances, its business, its contracts, its appointments, are, as far as human watchfulness can detect, literally free from corruption and jobbery—far more than the national administration or the House of Commons. In three years the only scandals that have arisen are in the jealous and almost rabid horror of jobbery displayed by a few over-zealous reformers. The very party scribes have never ventured to suggest improper dealings against members of the Council. And for my own part I feel pride in belonging to a body which, almost for the first time in the history of great capital cities, has convinced even its enemies that the suspicion of corruption would be a calumny too enormous to utter.

The Council has been firmly, uniformly, almost pedantically economical. This rests on authority of the highest kind from many quarters. Lord Rosebery, Sir John Lubbock, Sir Thomas Farrer, Lord Lingen, and many others have proved this over and over again. Parliament, before the Council was in existence, varied the incidence of local taxation, and threw new burdens on the county funds. This, and this alone, had caused the apparent rise in rates on one head against a reduction of taxation on another head. Over this the Council had no more control than it had over the Income Tax. Parliament abolished the Coal Duties. It threw on the Council new burdens for police, lunatics, and paupers, and readjusted the Poor-rate. No part of this was new taxation, but a change of rate enacted before the Council existed. In its first year of office the Council reduced the rate for the same purposes as the rate of the old Board from 10·10d. in 1888 to 10·06d. in 1889. The Council in 1890 made an immense and indispensable increase in the Fire Brigade, and it opened many parks. The cost of this Lord Lingen estimated at less than a farthing. In 1891 Lord Lingen announced that the Finance Committee did not propose to increase the rate. In the face of all this, to assert that the Council has been extravagant and indifferent to the ratepayers' burdens is as impudent and wild a

calumny as if someone were to charge the present Ministers with embezzling public money.

In the opinion of many persons the Council has erred on the side of economy and has shown undue anxiety to save money and postpone an outlay that is urgently needed. London is perhaps the only city in the world which from motives of economy denies itself even a decent town hall. Its immense and growing labours have to be carried on in miserable, crowded, ill-arranged offices, and in five or six hired houses, to the injury of the health, efficiency, and temper of all concerned—because the Council refrains from spending the ratepayers' money on themselves. Whilst Manchester, Birmingham, and Glasgow have noble town halls, and whilst Paris, Vienna, and Rome house their municipal government in splendid palaces, the richest city in the world carries on its work in offices that would be inadequate for the business of a limited company. But such is the rigid stoicism of the London Council that in three years it has not even acquired a site, or prepared a scheme, for giving itself a convenient place of business. This is no doubt an error of policy; but it is signal evidence of the self-denying zeal for economy which animates the whole Council.

On coming into office the Council at once struck off two millions and a half of inherited liabilities by abandoning or postponing projects of its predecessors. For a whole year it struggled against the Act which they had obtained to tunnel under the Thames, and when that task was found to be inevitable, the Council obtained a contract for it far below the estimated cost. It has again and again rejected ambitious projects for new streets, and has saved the ratepayers thereby three or four millions. It may be reasonably argued that this excessive timidity to increase the ratepayers' burden is a false economy and a narrow policy. But the error is one of over-zealous parsimony and not of thoughtless extravagance.

This brings us to the fierce debate as to London improvements, on the actual distribution of the burden. The Council has affirmed the principle over and over again that it is grossly inequitable to saddle the occupier with the whole cost of permanent improvements to London. The majority were elected on pledges to put an end to that iniquity. And accordingly they have come before Parliament

with schemes to place a part of the cost on the ground landlord. This, Parliament, led by a Government of ground landlords, has refused to do. And the Council has refused to pile up millions of debt to be paid by the unlucky occupier alone for the benefit of his landlord's estate, whilst that lofty being declines to contribute; and it declares that it will undertake no new street not proved to be necessary to health and urgent public convenience. Thereat the party scribes bark louder than ever, vowing that the business of the Council is to make new streets and not to dictate to Parliament who is to pay for them. The majority, however, know that they were elected by the ratepayers to protect the interests of the ratepayers; and they decline to lay on their constituents unjust burdens which will indefinitely improve the property of a few rich landowners. This is a perfectly legitimate and wise policy, and the people of London will not forget it. New streets can wait; but the selfishness of the London landlord must be checked now and at once.

The Council is the first municipal authority in this Metropolis which has shown a steady, earnest, and intelligent desire to raise the condition of the people. It has worked day and night on the housing of the working classes, on removal of insanitary areas; it insists on fair rates of wages in its contracts and the suppression of sub-contracts and sweating; it raises the wages of its own employés and reduces their hours of work; it has immensely added to the popular enjoyment of the parks, and has established music in scores of public places. It has stood by the legitimate demands of the unions; and it has acted as if it were set there to protect the labouring poor. And the labourers of London will not forget its services.

Unfortunately, the zeal of the majority to raise the wages of the labourer has been too often accompanied by a kindred zeal to reduce the salaries of the higher professional skill. It is a dangerous error, which has led some of us to vote as steadily against all proposed reductions as we do in favour of all proposed increases of salaries. The Council, like anyone else, if it needs the help of experts, must pay the price which experts obtain in the market, and the attempt to set up an *à priori* maximum of

what it was right to pay an engineer or a lawyer *in rerum natura* necessarily ends in mischief. But it marks the economic zeal of a new and public-spirited body that it listens to John Burns telling it that the man does not "live who is worth a salary of £500 a year."

Then there was the absurd Captain Shaw incident, out of which the party Press tried to make a little capital. Captain Shaw's sudden retirement took the whole Council by surprise. It greatly regrets his loss, and desires to mark its sense of his long and signal services. But Captain Shaw's friends have done their best to make a gallant officer ridiculous. The idea of a fireman who has seen thirty-one years of active service being absolutely indispensable is obviously a joke. It is an impudent fabrication to hint that Captain Shaw has been treated with anything but extreme forbearance and courtesy. He had been accustomed to be complete master, and the Council determined that this should cease. He did not like it; he chose to retire on his pension. There the matter ends. And a dozen good men are ready to take his place. Thereupon the anonymous hacks of the party Press invented a Captain Shaw legend, just as the Opposition in France invented a Boulanger legend. The Captain had always been a favourite with society, with the man in the street, and in an eminent degree with the Press. He did not ride a black charger; but the frequenters of comic opera and the readers of sensational paragraphs were perpetually cheered with visions of the gallant Captain charging on a steamer to the rescue. Accordingly the rowdies of journalism got up a song with the refrain "C'est le Capitaine qu'il nous faut—qu'il nous faut!" When the chairman, vice-chairman, ex-chairman and several Tory members of the Fire Brigade Committee had spoken, the legend was at an end. The shares of the fire insurance companies have not fallen. The Council has a choice of several splendid young seamen to command the Brigade. Everybody hopes to see the Captain in Parliament. The smiles of fine ladies will grace his return. And the wretched attempt of a few party scribes to score off the high reputation of a brave man has ended in a palpable fiasco.

The Council makes its mistakes; it exceeds its duties; and it

possibly overrates its powers. But it has done good work in the face of organised opposition. It has had against it a strong Government and a hostile Parliament; it has to meet the furious ill-will of the Metropolitan Tory members and the daily calumnies of the London Press. No more honest, hard-working, zealous, self-sacrificing body of public servants ever served a great city. No capital in the world ever had so incorruptible a municipal authority; nor did any have such eminent trained public servants to lead it. It is a pattern to the world for economy, for industry, for earnestness in the cause of the people. And the people of London are not likely to forget all that they owe to the first London Parliament.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

CONCERNING MISSIONARIES AND THE TROUBLES IN CHINA.

MR. THOMAS B. REED, late Speaker of the House of Representatives at Washington, declared on one occasion, when addressing that body, that "one of the most difficult things in life is to obtain a hearing." This universal application of a fact suggested by his own experience as presiding officer over 332 representatives of the United States is worthy of adoption as a popular aphorism.

If, in the ordinary course of affairs, it is difficult for the average man to obtain a hearing, how much more difficult is it for the opponent of a popular system or institution to obtain space enough in the pages of a first-class magazine to ventilate his individual views to the extent which he holds to be desirable? Fortunately, certain periodicals are exceptionally open to the discussion of opinions, however extreme, provided both sides of the argument receive equal treatment.

Public attention is now being called to the hostility of the natives in China to foreigners dwelling in their midst, which, unless checked by the action of the Great Powers, is not unlikely to result in more serious atrocities and bloodshed than have yet occurred. The sooner, therefore, that the Powers interfere to enforce ample protection on the part of the Chinese authorities to the lives and property of the foreign residents, or, if need be, themselves undertake this protection, the better. But there is something more than this to be done. It is quite time that, in view of the existing state of affairs and of the atrocities of a like nature, but carried to a greater excess, in past years—notably in the affair at Tien-Tsin—that governments and individuals should take into serious consideration the question how far foreigners themselves are responsible for

the hatred which so largely exists in China towards the *fankwae*. It is not simply the presence of foreigners which excites indignation, for the intelligent native classes are wide enough awake to the advantages of foreign commercial intercourse; and trade in the seaports has, in past years, been distinguished by the kindly relations existing between the foreign and the native dealers. More than this, the good faith of the native in these transactions has been exemplified to such a degree that the only guarantee required of the Chinaman in executing an order, of no matter what magnitude, has been his own record of the transaction in the little book which he carried away with him. Passing over the violation on the part of foreigners of the laws of the empire with respect to the introduction and sale of opium, and of Custom duties evaded by them, which led in the first instance to war and in the second instance to grave complications, settled only by diplomatic interference, I will refer in this paper only to the influence of missionary sectarian work, which chiefly lies at the foundation of the bad feeling existing in China towards foreigners, and which, on repeated occasions, has resulted in violence and bloodshed. It depends very much upon the character and temperament of the natives in particular provinces how far this animosity exists, and it is certainly true that in many portions of China the foreign missionary who pursues his work warily and with prudence is not likely to be disturbed in it; but I shall endeavour to show that even in these cases the result is not commensurate with the labour bestowed in weaning the native from his own religious faith and practices. Even where the foreign missionary is well treated by the native, the latter regards the matter as an impertinent interference to be tolerated only because he is powerless to avert it.

The writer resided in China for four consecutive years, and for the same length of time in the Kingdom of Greece and the Empire of Turkey, during which periods, although entirely disconnected with missionary movements, he had abundant opportunities for observing the process and results of the work. Personally, he has enjoyed, and perhaps been benefited by, the society of these good and well-intentioned workers in the field of what they honestly believe to be Christian duty. He has seen

repeated cases of self-denial, practised to the extent of physical suffering, on the part of the missionary—whether Roman Catholic or Protestant—worthy of a better cause; and he has had occasion to contribute, in a small way, to the necessities of such men. He has talked with them on the subject of "the great work," and listened with amused interest to their enthusiastic reports of remarkable conversions and to the eager demand of unsatisfied souls for the consolations of Christianity. But, in spite of all these external evidences of missionary successes, the great fact remains that for one genuine case of conversion from the religion of the country, whether it be Buddhism, the Greek Church, or Mohammedanism, to Protestant Christianity, nine hundred and ninety-nine attempts out of a thousand are failures.

The missionary may retort that even such a fractional success is worth the labour of achieving, but even these isolated instances cannot be depended upon as permanent conversions. Even when they appear to be so, the convert, when he mingles with his own people, is liable to excite ridicule towards himself and animosity towards the missionary who has thrust himself unbidden into the land for the purpose of drawing away "the faithful" from the worship sanctified to them by ages, and in which they find all the consolation they require.

Dropping the third person, I will give the result of some of my own observations in support of the above conclusions. Invited, during my sojourn in Canton, by an old and valued friend, an English missionary of considerable distinction, to visit his chapel during Divine service, I did so on more than one occasion. I was surprised and gratified to find a congregation of over a hundred natives of both sexes, neatly dressed, cleanly in personal appearance, and attentive—so far as a certain fixed and somnolent attitude went—to the service and the sermon. When dismissed, they retired quietly and in good order to their respective homes. In the course of conversation with the excellent man through whose indefatigable efforts these waifs and strays of Chinese humanity had been collected into an apparent communion of Christian fellowship and good works, I asked my missionary friend to be perfectly frank with me in replying to the following question :—

"How many of this congregation do you suppose would adhere to the professions they have made to-day of the Christian faith were the mission suppressed and the missionaries withdrawn from Canton?"

"Frankly, then, I must reply," said my friend, "not one."

"Then why do they come here, and why do you continue so hopeless a work?" I asked.

In substance he replied: "These people, left to themselves, would doubtless go back to the Joss House—that is, if they were previously in the habit of religious exercises—for the new faith does not strike very deeply into their comprehension. These people have been collected by me from the only class approachable or likely to be influenced by the foreign missionary, namely, the unemployed and ignorant riff-raff idlers along the river banks. They come to us—if the truth must be told—for their own material advantage. We give them common, but, as you see, decent apparel, and pay them for such work as we can find for them to do. The condition is that they shall regularly attend chapel and endeavour to appreciate the blessings of Christian teachings. Upon some of them—if their words can be depended on—I think a wholesome impression has been made, but, as I have said, I do not feel at all sanguine as to the future, should missionary influences be withdrawn from them. This is all very sad and very disheartening; but what can we do? We must seize upon what is available, even if it be not such as we wish."

I firmly believe, from these and other instances which passed under my observation during my four years' sojourn in China, that the task of converting the native mind—certainly not the native soul—to Christian tenets is impracticable, and fraught with dangerous consequences to the foreigners residing in their midst. I have myself in innumerable instances heard the foreign missionary sneered and laughed at by Chinese merchants doing business at the Hongs, as well as by servants and employés at those establishments. Ridicule is the first step towards insult, and insult towards ferocity.

Among my acquaintances of the better sort of Chinese was an intelligent and highly inquisitive young gentleman, the son of a

Mandarin who had extensive commercial relations with the English and American merchants at Canton. He came often to see me, and would ask questions concerning foreign customs and habits of thought, which evinced an investigating spirit by no means common even among the educated classes. One day he said he wished to discuss Christian theology. Some of the foreign missionaries had got hold of him, and between their contradictory and peculiar notions he was extremely puzzled. A clergyman had informed him that the simple sprinkling of water upon the head during the baptismal ceremony sufficiently fulfilled the rite of the Church in this regard. A Baptist, on the other hand, assured him that only total immersion deserved the name of baptism. A Unitarian minister, then on a visit to Canton, had endeavoured to impress upon him the fact that there is but one God, and that Jesus was human, not Divine. An Episcopalian had told him that his beloved brother was in error on this point, and that the doctrine of the Trinity is essential to the faith of a true Christian—and so on. The conclusion arrived at by my young friend from these conflicting statements was that the religion of the foreigner was "too muchee fools." I referred him to one of the most liberal-minded among my missionary friends for further information upon this and kindred subjects, and I gave him a note to the latter recommending him as one who under his fostering care might become a distinguished convert.

When next I saw the young Chinaman I inquired as to the result of the interview. He replied: "That Mellican man velly good man, but he no savee in leligion. He talkee, talkee too muchy. My thinkee more better for he, come Joss House side." My young friend was decidedly of opinion that the only good thing the foreign missionaries could accomplish was to abandon Christianity and go over in a body to the satisfying faith of Gautama.

An incident once occurred in China which for a time silenced the carping tongues of the opposers of missionary work, and gave an astonishing impulse to the distribution of religious tracts. I tell the story as I heard it at the time. It was reported, much to the satisfaction of the foreign missionaries, that an entire province of Central China had been converted to Christianity. The *colporteurs*,

whose work it was to give away these publications, found it utterly impossible to supply the demand. So sudden and unprecedented was it that many of the natives of the province in question made their way to the seaport towns, eager to possess themselves of these sacred writings. The press abroad and the press at home worked night and day to furnish them, but most inadequately. Bales of religious printed matter were delivered from arriving ships, leaving thousands of thirsting souls waiting impatiently for the next supply. Curiosity on the subject was intensely excited, and would probably have continued for an indefinite period, were it not for the happy thought of a single individual, who, having handsomely bribed one of the most enthusiastic among the converts to explain the cause of this phenomenal demand, was informed that the chief industry in the province in question was the manufacture of shoes, the soles of which are made of strips of glued paper; and when it became known that certain foreigners at Canton made an exclusive business of supplying, free of cost, the material for this handiwork, it was quite natural that the shoemakers should eagerly avail themselves of the opportunity to lay in a stock of material without the expenditure of a single copper cash. In one sense this "conversion of *soles*" was in the highest degree satisfactory; but in another sense it was a cruel blow to missionary enterprise, and served to open the eyes of the faithful to the absurdity of many of the attempts at Christian evangelisation upon a race whose religion dates back centuries beyond their own forms of faith, and is professed by—in round numbers—a third of the population of the world. It is, moreover, a solid body of religionists; an important fact when considered in relation to the broken and discordant forces of Christianity, half of which—the Catholics—are diametrically opposed to the teachings and beliefs of the "reformed" religion.

The one and only really popular missionary among the natives whom I ever heard of was a certain German, who surreptitiously supplied his clients in the interior of China with "opium orders," giving away with them the antidote to the poison in the shape of religious tracts.

In Turkey, Mohammedan sensibilities are even more acute

respecting religious propaganda than in China. The limits of a magazine article forbid my entering at length upon this phase of the subject, but I will mention a single personal incident which will serve to illustrate the opinion held in high quarters respecting foreign missionary work in the Turkish Empire.

When calling one day at the Sublime Porte, by appointment with the Minister of the Interior, I was kept waiting in the ante-room for so unusual a length of time that I inquired of the deaf mute in attendance the cause of the delay. Passing his two hands downwards from the back of his head to the shoulders, and by other signs indicating the personality of one of the foreign Ministers at Constantinople, I was made aware that his Excellency the . . . Ambassador, who wore his hair long and brushed back from his ears, was the personage who was at the time engaged in conference with the Turkish official. When at last I was admitted I saw that my friend the Minister of the Interior was not in the best of humours. Being on excellent terms with him, I ventured to ask what was disturbing him.

"One of these eternal missionary cases," he remarked. Then he proceeded to state the case as follows. "The *colporteur* of one of the foreign missionaries in the town of . . . in Asia Minor —not a foreigner himself, mind you, but an Armenian employer, and a subject of Turkey—undertook to sell Bibles in the public thoroughfare. A crowd gathered about him, threatening a disturbance of the peace and impeding the traffic of the street. Naturally a policeman interfered and requested the *colporteur* to retire. This he declined to do, and, in the confusion, a stone was thrown at him. Thereupon the man fled to the house of the missionary, followed by the rabble, and another stone was thrown which broke a window of the building. Up went the national flag of the missionary over the house-top, and down sat the missionary himself to write an exciting despatch to his Ambassador at Constantinople, representing that he had been insulted in the performance of his religious duties, and demanding from the Ottoman Government protection and compensation for 'violation of domicile.'"

"In any other country," continued his Excellency, "the man

would have been sent to gaol for disturbing the peace; but had the local authority done so in this instance, the Ambassador would have endeavoured to make an international case of it, and Heaven knows how long and unsatisfactory a diplomatic correspondence might have succeeded. Why do foreign countries, and yours among them, send missionaries here to sell Bibles? We don't send Mohammedans to your country to sell the Koran."

"But why don't you, Excellency?" I rejoined, giving a humorous turn to the conversation. "Your people are noted for their politeness; why not reciprocate the compliment and establish a Turkish missionary work in the United States?"

His Excellency laughed heartily and said it was so good a joke that he would introduce the suggestion at the next meeting of the Grand Council.

With respect to missionary work in China during later years, I admit that I have no data to go by and it may be that the missionaries in that vast field have reaped a harvest commensurate with their self-devoted labours. But facts like those recently reported, showing the antipathy of the natives towards foreigners, are worth pages of argument in support of the general principle that to interfere in the religion of a people—a religion that promulgates morals and maxims of good will to men, and the recognition of an omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent spiritual head of the universe—is best let alone by foreigners, especially if they have nothing better than these principles to inculcate.

To those who have lived in the centres of missionary operation it would not be difficult, I fancy, to point out individual instances of injudicious, if not dishonest practices on the part of the missionary, as well as the evil results, political and commercial, flowing from the attempts of missionaries to proselytise. In the former cases the task would not be a pleasant one, and might lead to personal recrimination. In the latter cases some inference may be drawn from the general view presented of missionary work as a whole. I do not believe it to be wholesome to the community at large, and I know it to be, in numerous cases, more than mischievous. What work *is* needed in China should be open as the day, and political and social advancement is best taught by the *example* of the more

civilised nations in all that pertains to high statesmanship and public morality. Let the missionary aid in this work and he will be recognised as a public benefactor.

I have seen, on the occasion of an eclipse, crowds of enthusiastic Chinese rush from their houses into the darkness armed with gongs, trumpets, and firearms, until the clash and roar of these implements succeeded in driving away "the dragon of the sky" who was intent upon swallowing the sun, or the moon, as the case might be. Then the victorious crowd returned joyously to their habitations. It might wound their self-conceit, but they would not be offended, were the foreigner to enlighten them upon the order of the planetary system, and such instruction would be beneficial to them; but if the teacher went beyond this, and, in the hope of "saving souls," ventured to instil into the native mind the doctrinal points of theology—each according to his own peculiar tenets—he should not be surprised if the Chinaman retorted: "Too much-ee chow-chow (divergence of views) in your leligion; more better you come Joss House side."

Still less should the missionary be surprised if, when the patience of the native is exhausted by the dogmatical and persistent attacks upon his religious faith, indifference is replaced by anger and acts of violence. An excited people do not draw very nice distinctions between individuals and the masses; hence the *fankwae*, be he a peaceful and inoffensive merchant or an intrusive missionary, is liable to meet the same fate at the hands of an infuriated mob. Is it not time, then, in view of the national susceptibilities of so large a portion of the human race, that the missionary societies of Europe and the United States should take these lessons to heart and confine the labours of their agents to secular instruction?

"What," once asked a London journal, "would be done with a priest of Buddha who should dare, in Charing Cross, to harangue a street crowd in behalf of Buddha? Doubtless they would throw him in the Thames." Can we blame, then, the less cultivated Chinese, whose religion, if anything, is more of a reality to them than is the Christian religion to the majority of those who profess it, if, acting under an impulse of revenge for what they regard as an

outrage to their common faith, they shed the blood and destroy the property of the invader of their most sacred rights?

Diplomacy may succeed in obtaining paper guarantees from the Chinese authorities for the protection of the lives and property of foreign residents, and the naval vessels of the Great Powers may batter down the fortresses at the ports, in case of a violation of the guarantees, but these preventive measures would prove but temporary and would most likely increase the animosity of the people towards the foreigner, if indeed they did not lead to anarchy and revolution. The *cause* of this animosity must be removed if any permanent change is to be effected in the sentiments of the Chinese, and one of the chief causes, as I have attempted to show, is the suspected, and in many cases the actual, attempts of the foreigner to proselytise the natives. The missionaries—mostly poor men—overlook or shut their eyes to this fact, being intent upon gaining converts, increasing their schools, and making up a harvest of good work, that the record in their annual reports may be acceptable to their societies at home. These reports are distributed among the patrons of missionary work, and are calculated to stimulate the almoner to renewed pecuniary assistance. It may well be asked whether, instead of the dreary field of the missionaries' labour abroad, better and more enduring work might not be found for him in the heart of our own cities, where misery, vice, and ignorance are so alarmingly on the increase?

CHARLES K. TUCKERMAN.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND THE BRITISH PUBLIC.

IN some points of view the British Museum may be said to be fulfilling its mission as this never was fulfilled till now, and standing higher than ever before in public opinion. The reproach of excessive conservatism has been dispelled by a series of improvements carried out so quietly as hardly to be known except to those who have experienced their beneficial effects. Under the late Principal Librarian the institution was opened every week day, the printing of the Library catalogue was commenced, the electric light was introduced, and the exhibition space was increased by the construction of the White Wing. Under his successor the electric light has been extended to the whole building, the quality of the Museum publications improved, and the attractions of the public exhibition galleries increased by judicious and picturesque rearrangement. The Nereid Room, where the Xanthian Marbles are deposited, is, in particular, a model both of beauty and science, and the effect of other rooms now in process of decoration will not be less happy. A new Coin Room, long grievously wanted, is approaching completion: the coins and medals themselves have in another sense been made accessible to the world by a splendid series of sectional catalogues. The Department of Prints invites students and visitors respectively to two most noble apartments, and at last has space to display its exhibited treasures within its own boundaries. The manuscripts are indexed nearly up to date; the titles of new books are inserted into the Printed Book catalogue every fortnight. In Professor Flower's dominions at South Kensington, not only are all objects admirably displayed, but what is of almost more conse-

quence, they are intelligently labelled; while the triumphs of taxidermy, especially as respects the groups of birds, enable such knowledge of the habits of living animals to be obtained from lifeless specimens as not long ago would have seemed impossible. Nor have the acquisitions of late years been less remarkable than the administrative improvements. Great opportunities have indeed been lost from the parsimony of the Treasury; still the Castellani gems show that even the Treasury can sometimes rise to the height of a grand occasion; while the Stowe MSS., so acceptable in themselves, sadly remind us how habitually in this country good things dependent on Government are done by halves. The Aristotle MS., for which the Museum is indebted to no Government, is probably the greatest single acquisition ever made by any library, surpassing the Codex Alexandrinus or the Codex Sinaiticus. The superb collection of Japanese pictorial art, but recently withdrawn from public inspection, was acquired at a single stroke; so was the Crace collection of prints and drawings. The birds in the Museum of Natural History have been nearly doubled from the collections of the Marquis of Tweeddale, Mr. A. O. Hume, and Messrs. Godman and Salvin. One of the handsomest rooms at Bloomsbury is nearly filled with examples of the munificence of two men, Mr. Slade and Mr. Henderson. There are other rooms in which it is difficult to move a step without encountering examples of the munificence of an officer of the Museum, Mr. Franks. Ever and anon further proof occurs that the Museum occupies a place in the affections of distinguished persons, and that very considerable inducements to pecuniary advantage are put aside for its benefit. We need only instance the recent bequest of George Eliot's MSS., and the donation of Keats's letters by his Spanish representatives. Either of these collections would have brought several hundred pounds.

This is the bright side of the picture, but there is another. It is much that beautiful and interesting objects, conducive to the highest culture, should be zealously collected and munificently bestowed, intelligently described, and advantageously arranged; but the further question remains whether they are properly valued and utilised by the public at large; whether, in fact, the nation recognises itself to be the better for them? If not, can anything more be

done to make them living instead of dead intellectual capital, whether by the Museum itself or by those more immediately responsible for national education? In considering these questions it must be remembered that these collections exist for the benefit of two dissimilar classes of persons: first, scholars and specialists; second, the general public. The means of appreciating its position with respect to each are afforded by the comparative tables of visits for general and special purposes given in the annual reports, now extending back over a long series of years.

It appears from the returns that the number of visitors to the Bloomsbury collections, which in 1884 had been 468,000, suddenly jumped up to 584,000 in 1885, but dropped back the next year to 504,000, and remained virtually at that point up to 1890, which shows a serious decline, 66,000 of the apparent total of 536,000 having been contributed by visitors in the evening by the electric light. The return of visitors by day gives, therefore, only 470,000, the smallest number since 1878. The daily opening effected in 1879 brought a large increase, and in 1882, when the removal of the Natural History collections to South Kensington was as yet but partial, the Bloomsbury visitors numbered no less than 767,000. The heavy drop between this year and 1884, in so far as occasioned by the loss of the Natural History collections, was to have been foreseen; the discouraging facts are that the apparent recovery of the following year should have proved delusive, that a series of stationary years should have been followed by retrogression, and that this should have happened in spite of the liberal spirit pervading the establishment, and great advances in the extent and improvements in the quality and display of its collections. The visits to the Museum of Natural History made a similar leap in 1885 from 375,000 to 421,000, retrograded to 382,000 in the following year, and by 1890 had declined to 355,000. The number for the two institutions together in 1890, deducting the electric light contingent, was 818,000, or only 50,000 more than before their separation was effected.

The tables exhibiting the numbers of visits for purposes of special study disclose a steady increase in the literary departments of the institution. The Reading Room, long stationary, began

to advance in 1876, and has risen steadily ever since, from 109,000 visits in 1876 to 146,000 in 1890, with a single retrograde oscillation. Such uninterrupted progress is the best possible proof of the usefulness and popularity of any institution; and this may be the place to remark that the popular notion that the Reading Room is frequented by novel-readers is utterly groundless. Tests have been applied over and over again, and never have more than 3 per cent. of the books requisitioned in any one day proved to be novels, a fact remarkably at variance with the experience of the conductors of free libraries, but a fact unquestionably. There are, no doubt, many other ways of abusing the privileges of the place, and a certain proportion of the readers may very probably come to kill time, or get warm, or keep appointments, or appropriate new pens ("They won't take these as *I've* been amending of," an old attendant once observed to the writer), but it is quite safe to affirm that nine-tenths come in *bonâ fide* quest of information which they could not easily obtain elsewhere, and which is of real importance to them. The Newspaper Room and the Manuscript Reading Room, though now apparently stationary, exhibit a prodigious increase upon 1885, partly in consequence of regulations which have diverted a portion of the overplus of the crowded Reading Room. The statistics of the archæological and artistic departments are peculiar. It is exceedingly satisfactory to observe that the visits to the Galleries of Sculpture for the purposes of study have risen from 3,900 in 1871 to 11,600 in 1890. But it is not satisfactory that the maximum of 15,600 should have been reached so long ago as 1879, and that, with an occasional rally, it should have been declining ever since. The Print Room shows 5,200 visitors for 1890, against 2,400 in 1871, but 1889 and 1890 exhibit a considerable decline from 1888. The Medal Room counts nearly twice as many visitors as in 1871, and the Gold Ornament Room nearly three times as many. Both, however, have been stationary for several years, and the visitors to the Ornament Room are mostly ordinary sightseers.

The inference from these statistics would seem to be that the taste for literature, or at least for information accessible through literature, is extending in the community; while the taste for art,

archæology, and natural history remains stationary. We believe this to be substantially the case, and the fact will surprise no one who considers how much more has of late been done to promote the lower education throughout the country than the higher. It seems to follow that the Museum cannot do very much to help itself in the matter, and must mainly look to those responsible for the education of the country. This is the fact; at the same time, although the Museum cannot, like the poet, "create the taste by which it is to be enjoyed," it can do much to foster it, and we by no means contend that it should be excused the attempt. Our contention is, on the contrary, that it has done very much, and that the slight success of its efforts proves that the causes which limit its popularity lie in the main beyond the sphere of its own influence. It was for this reason, and in no spirit of boastfulness, that we commenced this paper with an enumeration of some of the recent advances and successes of the institution. If this was an unprogressive place, the explanation of its comparative unpopularity would be easy, but the fact is far otherwise. No public institution has of late years been managed in a more liberal spirit, nowhere have greater changes been effected, or more beneficial ones. The development of the Museum of Natural History in its new quarters (though it is most deeply to be regretted that the extension was not made in Bloomsbury instead of South Kensington) is more than a transformation, it is a transfiguration. Let the visitor to the splendid suite of ethnographical galleries step to the little room now devoted solely to terra-cottas, and remember that not so very long ago it held all the ethnography that the Museum possessed. Let the visitor to the antiquities observe that Greece and Egypt no longer jostle each other in the same suite of apartments, that the mosaics have come and the inscriptions are coming up from their subterranean dungeons, and let him note with what beautiful decorations the smaller rooms are being adorned by the good taste of the Principal Librarian and the Keeper of the Department. Let the visitor to the Library compare, if his memory reaches so far back, the old Reading Room with the new, or the old interleaved catalogue with that now in course of printing; and let him observe in the King's Library the model of the sliding

press which has solved at a stroke the problem of finding room for half a million more volumes without taking another inch of ground from an over-built neighbourhood. Let the visitor to the White Wing remember that the magnificent apartments which display the treasures and invite the students of the Department of Prints and Drawings are creations of the last few years. Compare the old Synopsis with the wonderful sixpennyworth now offered to the public, who have for once exhibited appreciation by buying it up. One still more remarkable effort to popularise the Museum remains to be spoken of.

This is, of course, the opening of the Museum galleries in the evening by the electric light, the boldest attempt ever made to bring the Museum collections to the knowledge and enjoyment of the people, but hitherto the least successful. The most discouraging fact revealed by the returns is not the small aggregate of 66,000 visits for eleven months in 1890, but the steady decline month by month from 15,000 visitors in February to 2,000 in December. An average of 2,000 a month from the first would have been nowise so discouraging, but a constant diminution of attendances, inexorable as a law of nature, seems to denote that the special attraction has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. But has it really been weighed? Have the public had a fair opportunity of deciding whether they care for it or not? If they have, the decision is little to their credit; for, apart from the spectacles afforded by nature herself, no more beautiful sight can be seen than these long galleries lit up with great globes of silvery lustre, or studded with tiny focusses of light thick set but individually distinct as dew drops upon grass, and mellow as lovers' moonlight. If such a sight could be seen only in Kamschatka the world would go to Kamschatka to see it, and the like cannot, so far as we know, be seen elsewhere in England. Add to this the beauty and interest of the objects displayed, and the advantage to which they appear in comparison with their aspect under natural daylight in the smoky atmosphere of London. Should we conclude that they have not as yet had entirely fair play, let it be remarked that we are in no way biassed by a desire to vindicate Museum policy, for the electric display did not originate with the Museum. It was forced first upon the

Government, and then upon the trustees, by metropolitan members, who must have supposed themselves to be the mouthpieces of a popular demand which they must now admit to have been imaginary. Every officer of the Museum most confidently predicted the failure to attract any considerable number of visitors. The installation of the light leaves nothing to be desired, but Government must resolve to spend more upon details if the experiment is to have a fair chance. Only half the building is opened on alternate nights. The public do not know the rotation, and would not remember it if they were told; hence continual disappointments, and an uncertainty which keeps many at home. A still more serious impediment is the solution of continuity with regard to the opening. The Museum is closed from four, five, or six till eight, according to the season. Everyone is turned out, and visitors in the interim are necessarily turned away. The trustees can do nothing, for to light the whole edifice and keep it open all day would involve great additional expense, both in electricity and attendance. It is for the Government to decide whether they will carry out a great experiment in a generous spirit, or condemn it to failure by only working it by halves. As minor matters, guides to the collections should be sold at night, and the refreshment room kept open.

As a lie is held by pseudologers to be best contradicted by another lie, so the mystery of the sparse attendance in the evening light may be best explained by another mystery. How is it that, comparatively speaking, nobody seems to have heard of it? It is not for want of advertising. It has been, and is, well advertised, and the aid of the Press has not been lacking. Yet, in questioning one's own friends, one finds, oftener than not, that the fact of the evening lighting is entirely unknown to them. We can only suppose that advertising, unless carried out on a costly scale, or by methods below the dignity of a great public institution, is insufficient to attract public attention; and we must fall back upon an old theory of our own that the chief enemy of the Museum is the street in which it stands. Great Russell Street is a curtain which entirely shuts the Museum out from the great thoroughfare that surges with life within fifty yards of it. Millions of people pass up and down New Oxford Street every

week without learning by their own perception that such a place as the Museum exists. If a bolder view of the future of the institution had been taken years ago; if the houses intervening between it and New Oxford Street had been purchased while purchase was possible; if the Museum buildings had been carried down to the great thoroughfare; if the electric light, instead of being secluded in a side street, were now visible to the passing myriads, does anyone suppose that visitors would not flock in, and that the Museum would not be its own advertisement? It is too late now, but we strongly advise the trustees to do what can yet be done by emerging from the shell of Great Russell Street, and entering New Oxford Street in the character of shopkeepers. There is a handsome corner shop just opposite Mudie's Library, which has afforded a temporary habitation to more tradesmen than we can count, but is generally empty. Let the trustees take this for the sale of Museum publications, casts, and photographs. Let them put it in charge of an intelligent and civil agent who will push sales and distribute handbills with advertisements of the electric lighting and other things desirable to be known. Let the electric star glitter upon it also, in emulation of the really exquisite light on Messrs. Pears's premises nearly opposite; let a silvery finger point the passer-by to the Museum, and the effects will soon be conspicuous in the evening attendance and the daily attendance also. The proposal that the trustees should take a shop certainly involves some rupture of etiquette and abscission of red tape, but seriously, why may not their publications be sold by them outside the building as well as inside? Why should the furnishing of these be in the hands of agents to whom few apply, because few know their connection with the Museum? Why should stationers be selling in the very shadow of the Museum beautiful photographs of Museum works of art from which the institution itself derives no profit whatever? This latter inquiry hangs together with the oft-repeated advocacy of a photographic department in the Museum, at which, the expense of chemicals being defrayed by the State, and the photographer being remunerated by a fixed salary like any other officer, the cost of production, whether for outside customers or the institution itself, would be almost nominal. Such a department

and the proposed emporium would work into each other's hands, and ere long the Museum would be supplying not only Great Britain but foreign countries with photographic reproductions of its treasures, to an extent hitherto undreamed of.

One other method of increasing the popularity of the evening exhibition naturally presents itself, that of adding to its attractions. Here we must pronounce decidedly, *Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines.* The Museum is not the Crystal Palace, and does not want visitors who can only be attracted by a band, or the prospect of seeing the pancratium of antiquity illustrated by Mr. Slavin. But a good lecture is entirely consonant with the dignity of the institution, and no place could afford greater opportunities for instructive discussion, provided that in some instances recourse was had to the camera, which Mr. Fagan and Mr. Talbot Reed in their lectures have shown to be so admirably adapted for displaying books, engravings, and other minute objects before a large audience. Successful lectures have already been delivered by Miss Harrison and other ladies, but usually to small classes formed specially. The chief difficulty is the probability that good lecturers would generally require to be remunerated; this the Museum could not undertake; the lectures must be free and open to all the world; and lecturers addressing small privileged classes would add nothing to the general attractions of the place. There is no doubt sufficient public spirit among the officers of the Museum itself to organise a considerable number of gratuitous lectures, but these could not be continued *ad infinitum;* there is also a very large number of sciolists and bores who would be only too glad to ventilate their theories gratis. We, however, can never accept the view that a public institution incurs no responsibility for the character of a discourse delivered under its roof, and by the aid of its collections. The question is a difficult one, but all must feel that it will be a pity if no advantage is taken of the opportunity afforded by access to such materials for oral instruction, at the very time when lectures are best attended.

We have remarked that the causes of public interest in the Museum are in great measure independent of the control of the institution itself; we have also observed that the general public

and special students stand upon a different footing. It is to be added that the Museum can do much more to attract the former class than the latter; the visits of the student depending to a much greater extent on causes extraneous to Museum management, and the chief duty of the institution in his regard being to aid him to render them profitable. It is the general public that must be sought in the highways and the hedges. The question still has to be considered whether this is worth doing. Many men of culture would willingly keep museums and picture galleries for the sole use of those who, in their view, are alone likely to turn them to good account. To this we have two answers: that no class has a right to tell another that it is too ignorant or too stupid to benefit by an exhibition; and that, practically, the days are past when public property could be monopolised by a single order of society. If the cultured classes would preserve their own enjoyment of such things their best course is to interest as large a proportion of the community in them as possible. The intelligent and truly educational use of such collections, however, depends far less upon the collectors than upon a variety of causes entirely uncontroilable by them, and in many instances apparently very remote. Any political or social changes, for example, that should limit wealth or absorb leisure, would affect the Museum injuriously; any change in the system of classical instruction that should awaken a living instead of a grammatical interest in classical literature, would have a most favourable effect. "To the minnow," says Carlyle, "every cranny and pebble, and quality and accident, of its little native brook may have become familiar; but does the minnow understand the ocean tides and periodic currents, the trade winds, and monsoons, and moon's eclipses; by all which the condition of its little creek is regulated, and may from time to time be quite overset and reversed? Such a minnow is man"—and, in its relation to the causes which transform society from age to age, such a minnow is the great British Museum.

R. GARNETT.

THE SIMIAN TONGUE.

II.

THE world of science has received with so much kind and candid interest the brief account of my attempts to unlock the portals of speech which lead us from the realm of human thought into the secret precincts of Simian emotions, that I feel it a duty to comply with the urgent wish of so many, and give the anxious friends of progress some conclusions deduced from recent experiments in my novel field of research. I proceed, however, on a line which takes for granted that my reader has read my former article on this same subject.

Later experiments have somewhat modified the details of my theory, but as a whole have added much strength to my belief in the certainty of my cause.

Since writing the sounds used by the capuchin monkeys, as well as I could represent them by the letters of our alphabet, I have had no reason to alter the literal formula by which they are expressed; but I have found that the word which I had construed to mean *food*, and sometimes perhaps to mean *drink*, has a still wider sense. It is difficult to formulate, in human speech, anything equivalent to it, since our human mode of speech has been so changed by accretions and by our higher modes of thought that we cannot grasp the thought from such a slight suggestion, and our habits of redundancy make us incapable of their modes of speech. It impresses me that the sound formerly described as meaning food is used in some way as a kind of "shibboleth." It is possible that this may arise from the Simian idea of food as the chief source of all happiness, and that the satisfaction which it gives

is the supreme thought of his life, and in this manner he associates that sound with every kindness and pacific office ; but from a lack of opportunities I have not been able to ascertain to what extent these are associated ideas with him.

I have described in my former paper the fright which I gave to a monkey named Jokes, in Charleston, and at the time of writing that article I had not been able to renew friendly relations with him. After a lapse of some ten or twelve days from the time I had frightened him, I resorted to harsher means of bringing him to terms : I began to threaten him with a rod. At first he would resent it, but when he failed to frighten me by his threats and assaults, he soon yielded and came down from the perch in his cage, although greatly frightened. He would place the side of his head on the floor, put out his tongue, and utter a very plaintive sound, having a slight interrogative inflection. At first this novel demeanour quite defied interpretation ; but during the same period I was visiting a young monkey of the same kind called Jack : we were quite good friends for comparative strangers, and he allowed me many liberties with him, which the family to whom he belonged assured me he denied to others. On one of my frequent visits he displayed his temper and made an attack upon me because I refused to let go a saucer from which I was feeding him some milk. I jerked him up by the chain and slapped him sharply for this, whereupon he instantly laid the side of his head on the floor, put out his tongue, and made just such a sound as Jokes had made several times before, under the stress of great fear. It occurred to me that must be a sign of surrender or submission. And many subsequent tests have confirmed this opinion.

But my daily visits to Jokes had not won him back after a lapse of more than two months, and on my approach he would manifest great fear and go through with this strange act of humiliation. I observed that he had a great dislike for a certain negro boy on the place, who teased and vexed him very much, so I had the boy come up near the cage, and Jokes would fairly rave with anger. So great was his dislike for this boy that he seemed to forget all other things about him in his efforts to get to him. I would feign to beat the boy with a stick, and this gave Jokes great delight. I would hold

the boy so near the cage as to allow the monkey to scratch and claw his clothes, and this would fill his whole Simian soul with joy. I would then release the boy and drive him away with sticks and wads of paper, to the evident pleasure of the monkey. I repeated these things many times, and we became the very best of friends again. After each encounter he would come up to the bars, touch my hand with his tongue, chatter and play with my fingers, and show all signs of friendship. He always warns me of the approach of anyone, and his conduct towards them is very largely controlled by my own. He never fails to greet me with the sound described in my former paper. The sound is a compound, as I have shown by reversing the cylinder of the graphophone, and repeating it backward. This will be referred to farther on.

I may here relate that on one occasion a boy was teasing Jokes with a stick, when I approached the cage and put my hand in, and allowed him to caress it; in the meanwhile the boy would reach his hand into the cage under my arm and catch Jokes' tail or toe, which seemed at first to surprise him greatly, but in a trice he detected the author and flew at him with great violence, and every time the boy would reach his hand into or towards the cage the monkey would spring at him and try to catch his hand. In his haste and anger he once grabbed my hand in mistake; but he discovered it so quickly that I had scarcely realised the situation myself before I found him crouched down and his head on the floor, his tongue out, uttering that peculiar sound (which I cannot reduce to letters), in the most suppliant manner, and he continued to do so until he had been assured of peace. When he assaults anyone else he always returns to me and touches my hand with his tongue, which seems to be a kind of sign of a covenant.

Another little monkey of this species which I visited a few times was called Jennie. Her master had warned me in advance that she was not kindly disposed to strangers and I should watch her, that she might not do me any harm. At my request he had her chained in a small side yard and forbade any of the family entering it. I approached her little ladyship with the usual salutation, which she seemed to recognise at once, and I sat down by her and began to feed her from my hands. She seemed to regard me as a friend,

but of a different species. She eyed me with evident interest and some suspicion, but when I would utter that sound for *food* she would respond promptly. While we were indulging in a kind of mutual investigation of affairs a negro girl, who lived with the family and frequently fed Jennie, being overcome by her curiosity, came into the yard and came up within a few feet of us. I at once decided that I would offer her as a sacrifice on the altar of science, so I arose and placed her between myself and the monkey and began to sound the "alarm" or "menace" with great vigour. Jennie flew into a perfect fit of fright. I continued to sound it, and at the same time to attack the girl with a great display of violence, thus causing the monkey to believe that the girl had made the alarm. I then drove the girl away from the yard with a great flourish of paper wads and pea-nut shells, and returned to the little monkey to pacify her. She became quite calm and seemed to think I was her hero, but for days she would not allow the girl to feed or approach her. This quite confirmed my opinion as to the meaning of this peculiar piercing sound.

A few weeks later I went to Cincinnati to visit my chimpanzee friends again, and I found immediately that they gave evidence of understanding one of the words which I used on approaching them. This word I had learned from the record of their speech which I had made last year. I have not had the opportunities to experiment with them which would justify my giving a very full account of any of their traits of speech, only to say this, that I am quite sure from my studies of their vocal character in the graphophone, and by listening to them in their cage, if I could be more intimately associated with them I could soon master their language; but they are kept in a large cage, entirely enclosed in a house of glass, the outer doors of which are kept closed to avoid any change of temperature which might tell on their health, and the keeper is so apprehensive of some ill befalling them that he keeps them for ever under his eye. I succeeded in getting their attention as I tried to utter a sound of theirs, and I could get the female to come to me every time I would use it. I cannot fully describe it here, although it comes within the compass of human speech, and is not very difficult to utter. It is not quite, but nearly, represented by *h-ou-wh*,

very slightly nasal, and, so far, the only trace of a nasal intonation in the vocal products of any of the lower animals which I have ever detected. They have more words than a capuchin monkey, and all the words they speak, so far as I have ever been able to hear, can be reproduced by human vocal organs. My recent visit to them has quite satisfied me that I can make myself understood by them; and while it is premature as yet to mention it, I am now trying to arrange for a trip to interior Africa to visit the *troglodytes* in their native wilds, and if my plans (which are all practicable) can be arranged, I agree to give to the world a revelation which will rattle the dry bones of philology in a wholly new light. Mr. Edison has kindly agreed, if I can make certain arrangements, that he will aid me in the phonograph feature—the only thing which makes these studies possible—and I promise to perform some feats which will be worthy of public attention.

A short time since I made a phonograph record of the great Anubis baboon in the Philadelphia garden. I did not expect to find in him a highly developed language, but my purpose was to compare it with other Simian sounds, to see if I could not establish a series of steps in the quality of vocal sounds which would coincide with other certain characters, and determine whether there was not some unit of linguistic measure by which we might arrive at some standard in any given type. In other words, to see if the vocal powers were in homology in their development with other characters; and I am gratified to find by a series of comparisons that, in my opinion, each cranial model has a certain vocal type which is as much a conformation as are the cerebral hemispheres; that the vocal powers are measured by the gnathic index; that mind and voice are commensurate; and that as the craniofacial angle widens the voice loses in quality and flexibility. I find in man the highest type of vocalisation, and just as we descend in the cranial scale the vocal type degrades into sounds less flexible, less musical, and less capable. These facts apply only in mammals; in birds, insects, &c., there may be quite a different standard of development.

Unlike human speech, the Simian idea is expressed in a single word of one sound, or syllable. For example, the one sound de-

scribed before, which sounds like *wh-oo-w* as nearly as I can put it into letters, not only means *food*, but anything which is connected with food, all the inflections of the noun *food*, all inflection of the verb *to eat*, the adjective *hungry*, the noun *hunger*, the results obtained from the act, &c., such as to express satisfaction, that it is good, and so on. These ideas are expressed in one radical sound, or root. Sometimes a monkey repeats this one sound as rapidly as to cause the casual observer to mistake them for a series of words. This is easily detected in the phonograph, because we can repeat the sounds at our pleasure and compare any two parts of the record.

I have found it necessary to coin a new word to describe the character of their speech, and as each idea seems to be couched in a single word of one syllable and nearly, indeed, of one letter, I have called it a *monophone*, which is suggestive of its peculiar character. I have experimented with a few green monkeys, but not with very startling results, and it is one of the most trying things in life to get a monkey to talk into a phonograph. He will talk as much as a country squire until you want him to put himself to record in the phonograph, and then he grows as dumb as a milestone, and looks as if he was under penance for having lived.

I have tried many novel experiments with the phonograph in analysing sounds, and they have caused me to halt before I can accept some of the dogmas of philology. I find by reversing the cylinder on the graphophone that sounds are perfectly analysed. I find that the sound *oo*, as in shoot, is the dominant phonic in the speech of both man and ape. I find consonants are generally elided or converted into some other form, and pure vocals, as they are called, are converted into words of three syllables, all of which will be described in the near future.

My desire to induce other workers to enter the field which I have only just discovered, and aid in the task which I have just begun, induces me to state my conclusions in a brief form, that each one of itself may furnish a text, as it were, for the critic and student.

I very naturally expect this subject to elicit the unkind comments of the unlearned, and be derided by many who think they

know things that they really do not know. But I trust that men of ability and of integrity will not disdain it as unworthy of their time.

The following will express in a crude way my conclusions :—

1. The Simian words are ambiguous *monotones.*

2. Speech is materialised thought, and thoughts are factors of consciousness.

3. Signs were the first form of speech, and sounds are evolved from them.

4. All animals are capable of expressing as much as they can think.

5. All mammals are capable of emotions, and all emotions capable of expression.

6. All voluntary sounds are the products of thought, and if they convey a meaning to another they perform the functions of human speech.

7. Consciousness is the differentiation of thoughts, thoughts formulate mental words, and they develop into sounds as exponents.

8. Voluntary sounds are the manifestation of thought as matter is of force.

9. Vocal power is commensurate with use, and this by the needs of the mind.

10. The vocal unit is commensurate with the unit of methodic cerebration.

11. The arc of vocalisation will subtend the craniofacial angle.

12. Words are the body of which thoughts are the soul.

R. L. GARNER.

(To be continued.)

THE UNION OF ITALY.

IN describing, in a recent work, the share which Lord John Russell had in the regeneration of Italy, I had neither space nor occasion to enter into surrounding circumstances. But as I have had exceptional opportunity of examining all the phases of a complicated question, I propose to avail myself of the knowledge which I have thus acquired; and with the information obtained from Lord John's papers to trace the history of an episode which is still only imperfectly understood.

In doing so, it is necessary to attend to the policy of France. Though, in the first instance, she had flung down the gauntlet to Austria, and though the blood of her soldiers had effected the liberation of Lombardy, she never succeeded in convincing Italian statesmen of the sincerity or of the worth of her friendship. By her appropriation of Savoy and Nice, by her occupation of Rome, by the presence of her fleet at Gaeta, she contrived to throw suspicion on her actions and on her motives; and, in consequence, she taught Italian statesmen to rely on the passive support of England; and she has enabled historians to claim that Italy—in the crisis of her fate—owed more to the British Ministry than to the French army.

The policy which France thus pursued was largely determined by the character of the Emperor who occupied its throne. Napoleon III. was practically his own Foreign Minister. The statesmen who held portfolios under him were not always acquainted with his thoughts and his intentions; and, though they were usually chosen because their opinions agreed with those of their master, they were by no means always admitted to his entire confidence.

So far as Europe was concerned, the Emperor's external policy was based on what, for want of a better name, may be called the doctrine of nationality. He wished, no doubt, to restore to France what he would have called her natural boundaries, but he desired also to reunite Venice to Italy, to reconstruct the old kingdom of Poland, and—as there is good reason to believe—to form a strong Scandinavian kingdom by the union of Sweden with Denmark. But, though he was constantly influenced by ideas of this character, public feeling in France and private influence in his own household, frequently induced him to modify his course, and to pursue a policy inconsistent with his real opinions.

There were three causes by which the Emperor was perpetually swayed from his direct purpose. (1) Many men in France doubted the wisdom of a policy which favoured the establishment of a new Power on the French frontier. The interest of France required—so they urged—that Italy should be disunited and weak, not that she should be united and strong. (2) The union of Italy could not be effected without terminating or curtailing the Pope's temporal jurisdiction ; and every parish priest and every peasant in France were bent on supporting the Head of the Catholic religion. (3) The attitude of Church and peasantry was strengthened by the constant arguments of the Empress. She regarded the position of the Pope as the chief political question of the day, and she pleaded his cause —both in the council chamber, where she was occasionally present, and in private—with a persistency and a vigour which the Emperor was quite incapable of resisting.

If the Emperor had been a strong man, he would, once for all, have reviewed these various circumstances, and have resolved on a definite line of conduct. Being only a weak one, he was always hesitating to adopt the measure which his reason told him was the best, from fear of some inconvenience to which he thought it might lead. Instead of boldly grasping the rudder, he suffered himself to drift on the sea of chance, and allow fortune, or stronger minds in other countries, to determine the direction in which he should ultimately be carried.

This attitude of irresolution—so characteristic of the Emperor —was exactly illustrated in the summer of 1859. In declaring

war against Austria, he was influenced by his own love of nationalities, which made him desire to liberate Northern Italy from the blighting influence of Austrian rule. But his first success turned his resolution into irresolution. Shocked at the spectacle of a bloody battle-field; alarmed at the prospect of assailing the famous Quadrilateral which blocked his way to Venice; and apprehensive that Prussia might seize the opportunity for an advance on the Rhine, he became suddenly as eager for peace as he had previously been zealous for war. By the terms hastily arranged at Villafranca, Austria consented to yield Lombardy to Piedmont; France agreed that Venice should remain Austrian. The Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Duke of Modena were restored to their dominions, from which they had been forced to fly. Parma was placed at Napoleon's disposal. The Italian States were to be formed into a confederation under the Presidency of the Pope.

These terms were no sooner known than a cry of rage and despair went up from Italy. The man who had promised to free the land from the Alps to the Adriatic, and who was leaving Venice in her chains, was everywhere denounced as a traitor. The minor States of Central Italy refused to take back the rulers who had deserted their posts at the approach of danger. Count Cavour, the Prime Minister of Piedmont, flung up his office; and Victor Emmanuel, though he had the wisdom to accept the treaty, signed it with the significant observation "En ce qui me concerne."

But, whatever feelings the negotiations at Villafranca may have produced, there seemed no possibility of resisting the decisions of the Imperial peacemakers. Italy had found her opportunity in their antagonism; she seemed powerless in their agreement. Happily, however, during the crisis of the Italian campaign, the Derby Government fell in England, and a new Ministry—with Lord Palmerston as Prime Minister, and Lord John Russell as Foreign Secretary—was formed. To outward appearance the change of Government produced no change in British foreign policy. The new Ministers, like the old, had publicly expressed their regret at the war, and their determination to remain neutral. But, to those who were behind the scenes, the change of Government modified the whole position. For, while the neutrality of the

late Government had not been inconsistent with a desire to see Austria lose as little as possible from the war, the neutrality of the new Government did not prevent its leading members from openly expressing a hope that Italy might gain as much as possible from the peace. During the autumn of 1859 Napoleon was anxious that a congress or conference of European Powers should meet to consider the many Italian questions which the war had left unsettled; and he was ready to make considerable sacrifices to ensure its assembling. But it was obvious that neither congress nor conference could meet without the consent of this country, and the new Foreign Minister at once refused to be a party to either until he received satisfactory assurances on four preliminary points. He required to know, first, whether Austria, as mistress of Venetia, was to have any place in the new Confederation; second, whether other Italian Powers were to exercise their own discretion as to entering it or not; third, whether force was to be employed to effect the restoration of the old rulers to the Duchies; and fourth, whether French and Austrian troops were to be left in the occupation of Rome and the Romagna.

The last of these points was one on which Napoleon could not yield. The occupation of Rome—it has already been stated—was with him not a foreign but a domestic question. But on the other points he gradually gave way. He was induced to say that, if the proposed Italian Confederation could not be formed with Austria, he would be prepared to consider the possibility of forming it without Austria; and this concession ultimately led to the abandonment of the Confederation. He authorised his Foreign Minister to declare that he had never contemplated the employment of force to restore their old rulers to the Duchies, and he ultimately brought himself to promise that he would not permit the use of force for this purpose.

These concessions placed an entirely new construction on the stipulations which had been made at Villafranca. But these concessions, made to England, or to the British Cabinet, did not improve the Emperor's position with Austria. Statesmen at Vienna saw with dismay that the terms on which peace had been made at Villafranca were being one after another abandoned, and that the

British Foreign Minister was resisting the restoration of the minor sovereigns to Central Italy on the express ground that every people had a right to choose their own sovereigns. Thus the very concessions which Napoleon had made to the British Ministry to secure the presence of England at the Congress were making Austrian statesmen more and more indisposed to enter into conference. In these circumstances the publication in Paris of the famous pamphlet, *Le Pape et le Congrès*, made a congress impracticable. Rightly regarded as an Imperial manifesto, it excited the utmost alarm both at Rome and at Vienna. The French Foreign Minister, Count Walewski, vainly endeavouring to obtain an official disavowal of its proposals, resigned his office, and was succeeded by M. Thouvenel; the Austrian Government, failing also to obtain its disavowal, declined to enter the Congress; and the expedient—by which the Emperor had hoped that some solution of the problem would be found—was consequently abandoned.

In the meanwhile time was working in favour of Italy. The representatives of its central provinces, acting on the advice which they received from Lord John Russell, met to consider the position, and decided on annexation to Piedmont. The Tuscan assembly even appointed Prince Carignan, a near relative of the King of Piedmont, Regent of the Duchy; and though Napoleon, still hoping for the meeting of the Congress, and alarmed at Austria's declaration that she would have nothing to do with it if the Prince accepted the appointment, insisted on Prince Carignan's refusing the position, the Tuscan Deputies succeeded in substituting a Piedmontese statesman for the Prince, and in conducting the Government of the Duchy in Victor Emmanuel's name.

Thus, while the result of the campaign had been in favour of France, and the stipulations of Villafranca had restored Austria her influence, the steady progress of events was promoting Italian unity. It was natural that Austria should regard these circumstances with sullen dissatisfaction, and that Napoleon should dislike a drift which was carrying him towards arrangements which were creating a strong Italian kingdom on the frontier of France. But the attitude of England, whose Foreign Minister was perpetually declaring that Italy should be left to settle her own affairs, and

his own increasing anxiety to stand on good terms with this country, bore the Emperor forward.

In the commencement of 1860, Lord John Russell obtained authority both from the Cabinet and the Crown to propose a new method for solving the dilemma. He suggested that (1) France and Austria should agree not to interfere in the internal affairs of Italy unless invited to do so by Europe; (2) France should concert with the Pope arrangements for the evacuation of Rome by the French garrison; (3) the internal government of Venetia should not be a matter of negotiation; and (4) Sardinia should not send troops into Central Italy until its several provinces should by a fresh election have declared their wishes. Should this vote be in favour of annexation to Sardinia, France and England should assent to the presence of Sardinian troops.

This proposal pointed directly to the union of Northern and Central Italy. Napoleon, indeed, still averse, both from conviction and sentiment, to the enlargement of Piedmont, directed his Foreign Minister to bring forward an alternative for the formation of a Central Italian Kingdom. It was not easy to see how such a project could have any support. To autocratic Powers it was just as distasteful as the annexation of Central Italy to Piedmont, since it equally disregarded the interests of the old rulers; it was disliked by the Italians, who instinctively saw that union was strength; and it was opposed by Piedmontese statesmanship, which was reinforced at this juncture by the resumption of office by Count Cavour.

Thus everything tended to promote the success of the policy which Italy desired, and which the British Foreign Minister was promoting. By a vote which was practically unanimous, Central Italy declared itself in favour of annexation to Piedmont; Austria forebore from interfering with a decision which she was powerless to prevent; France, or rather Napoleon, ceased to press his alternative project for the formation of a Central Italian Kingdom; and every Italian understood that, if Piedmont owed Lombardy to France, she was indebted for the far greater acquisition of Central Italy to the firmness of the British Foreign Minister.

One consideration detracted from the satisfaction with which

these events were regarded both in this country and in Italy. Piedmont, increased by Central Italy, was deprived of Savoy and Nice. It may be well to trace the history of a question which is still partly obscure.

During the negotiations for the marriage of Prince Napoleon with the Princess Clothilde, the representatives of France and Piedmont discussed the possibility of war with Austria, and it was stipulated on the part of France that if such a war should occur, and should lead to the annexation of territory with ten or twelve million of inhabitants to Piedmont, France should put forward a claim to Savoy. When the war actually broke out, the Emperor asked Count Cavour to embody this arrangement, which remained as a project, in a formal treaty. Count Cavour, however, pleaded that such a course was unnecessary, and the project remained in this informal shape. The abrupt conclusion of the war removed, for the time, any pretext for its revival, since no additions were made to Piedmont commensurate with those which had been originally contemplated. But the refusal of Central Italy to take back its old rulers led to a renewal of the proposal, and, in September and November, 1859, the French Foreign Minister intimated to the British Ambassador at Paris that, if Tuscany were annexed to Piedmont, France would require territorial compensation. Accordingly, when the annexation took place, France insisted on the arrangement made a year before. Count Cavour practically assented to it, though he veiled his assent by treating the subject as one for the peoples concerned, and for the Piedmontese Parliament, to determine. The autocratic Powers of Eastern Europe, professing to see no distinction between the aggrandisement of France at the expense of Piedmont, and the aggrandisement of Piedmont at the expense of Austria and the Pope, declined to join this country in resisting the arrangement, and Savoy and Nice accordingly passed under French rule.

It was probably the Emperor's opinion that the annexation of these provinces to France was the most successful portion of his whole Italian policy; and it must be conceded that—so far as this subject was concerned—he, from first to last, behaved like a man who knew his own mind, and was prepared to act upon it.

Yet this single instance, in which he displayed unusual resolution, was unfortunate for him. It created a feeling of suspicion and distrust, which he never afterwards succeeded in removing, and it estranged him from this country at a moment when a good understanding with England was worth more to him than a scientific frontier. For, at the moment when the annexation took place, a new question of grave significance was arising for settlement. Prolonged misrule had created constant discontent in Southern Italy, and in April, 1860, General Garibaldi—with the tacit consent of Piedmont—placed himself at the head of a small body of volunteers, embarked from Genoa, and landed in Sicily. Experiencing little resistance he rapidly made himself master of the island ; and, crossing the Straits of Messina, landed in Calabria, and entered Naples. The virtual fall of the Neapolitan Monarchy, whose king for a few months longer, however, maintained himself at Gaeta, created a ferment in the adjacent Papal territory, and, under the pretext of preserving order, Count Cavour occupied Umbria and the Marches with Piedmontese troops. By a revolution, almost unexampled in history, the whole of Southern Italy practically threw off its allegiance to Bourbon and to Rome.

The outbreak of this remarkable revolution was viewed, in the first instance, with regret both in London and in Paris. In London the Foreign Minister thought that Piedmont was imperilling the acquisitions she had secured by aiming at fresh annexations before she had consolidated her new possessions. In Paris the Emperor saw with dislike the march of events, which were likely to aggrandise a kingdom adjacent to France, and from his point of view already too large. And this radical difference of opinion soon led to differences of policy. Thus, in July, when General Garibaldi was evidently preparing to cross the Straits of Messina, France proposed and England refused to stop his passage. Thus, again, when the King of Naples retired to Gaeta, the French sent their fleet to the port, while the British Foreign Minister again and again urged its withdrawal. So also, when a Piedmontese army entered the Papal territory under the pretext of preserving order, the British Foreign Minister regarded the movement without concern, while Napoleon withdrew his ambassador from Tunis,

and a French general commanded the troops which the Pope collected in his defence, and suffered defeat at Castelfidardo. Still later, when Count Cavour asked the Piedmontese Parliament to annex the provinces of Southern and Central Italy, Napoleon regarded the movement with sullen dislike, while Lord John Russell wrote the famous dispatch in which he justified the Italian Revolution of 1859-60 by pleading the example of the English Revolution of 1688-89; and finally when, in the spring of 1861, Victor Emmanuel assumed the title of King of Italy, England, on the advice of its Ministers, at once recognised—while France, under Napoleon's guidance, waited for months before it acknowledged—the new kingdom.

Three great steps had now been taken towards the formation of an united Italy. (1) The armed intervention of France had led to the union of Lombardy with Piedmont. (2) The attitude of the Italians and the firm moral support of England had caused the incorporation of Central Italy in Piedmont. (3) The action of Garibaldi and the firmness of the British Government had overcome the reluctance of Napoleon and accomplished the formation of a Kingdom of Italy.

Two matters remained unsettled. Rome and a small adjacent territory were still held by a French garrison for the Pope, Venetia was still Austrian, and Garibaldi, flushed with success, and, perhaps pardonably, believing that in the cause of Italian nationality he was invincible, talked of marching both on Venice and on Rome. If he had carried out his threat the new kingdom might possibly have been again disintegrated. Napoleon, for once knowing his own mind, announced that he would protect Rome, and to show that his decision was no idle threat reinforced the French garrison. Austria used still stronger language and declared that if she was attacked she would not merely defend her own territories, but would take such measures as would make a repetition of the attempt impracticable.

Thus it became both the object and the duty of every friend of Italy to dissuade her from fresh aggression, and England joined with France in counselling moderation. But thus, also, the difficulty of restraining General Garibaldi's movements, and the constant

apprehensions of an attack either upon Rome or upon Venice, convinced Napoleon that his own position was untenable, and induced him to make every effort, while there was yet time, to arrive at some definite settlement by diplomatic action.

So far as Rome was concerned, indeed, the Emperor could not but see that he had drifted into a position similar to that which he had occupied at Gaeta, and from which he had been compelled, at some sacrifice of pride, to withdraw. The Vatican relied on the support of French troops, just as Francis II. had relied on the presence of the French fleet; and, if the opinion of rural France and of his own household had made such a course practicable, it was the Emperor's obvious intention to withdraw before his troops were brought into actual collision with the Italian armaments. But it was almost as difficult to retreat as it was embarrassing to stay. The Emperor, in fact, considered himself pledged to give the Pope his active support so long as Rome was neither reconciled to Italy nor safe from the attack of regular or irregular assailants. He would gladly have effected this object by assisting the Pope to replace French troops with an army of his own, or to arrive at some agreement with Italy. Both ends, however, proved unattainable, and their proposal—while failing to satisfy the friends of Italy—excited suspicion in the Pope's breast. The Vatican thought that it could not permanently rely on French support; it concluded that in such circumstances the Pope's departure from Rome was only a question of time: and in August, 1862, when a fresh movement upon the part of General Garibaldi, destined to be checked at Aspromonte, increased the prevalent alarm, the advisers of the Pope turned to England and not to France for help, and privately inquired whether, if the Pope were driven from Rome, there would be any objection to his going to Malta. The British Foreign Minister, in reply to the inquiry, formally offered to receive the Pope in that island; and it was a striking proof of the growing tension between Rome and France that the Vatican communicated the offer to Vienna and did not communicate it to Paris.

Nothing, indeed, came of the offer. General Garibaldi's defeat and the continued presence of the French at Rome enabled the Pope to maintain the *status quo* for a short time longer. But, however

acceptable the respite may have proved to Rome, it was productive of fresh embarrassments to the Emperor. Every new advance which Italy made rendered the retention of a French garrison on Italian soil more and more objectionable. Conscious of the embarrassment, the Emperor, in 1866, mustered courage to withdraw the troops; but a renewed attack on Rome by General Garibaldi forced him to restore them in 1867, and the French troops were not finally withdrawn till that supreme hour in which Napoleon threw down the gauntlet to Prussia and prepared for the contest which proved his ruin.

In the meanwhile an equally well-intentioned attempt was made to terminate the other Italian question by preventing the annexation of Venice to Italy.

On this subject the Emperor was free from the embarrassment which interfered with his action at every stage of the Roman question. No influence, either in rural France or in his own household, was opposed to the liberation of Venice; and no French statesman, however much he might dislike the further aggrandisement of Italy, would oppose a project involving the weakening of Austria. Hence nothing interfered with the proposal of a scheme for settling the Venetian question; and early in 1861 the Emperor privately discussed an arrangement for solving it. The solution was to be found in the pecuniary embarrassments of Austria and the disturbed condition of the Ottoman dominions. Italy was to purchase Venetia of Austria; and Austria, after retaining one-half the purchase money, was to pay the other half to the Porte for Bosnia and Herzegovina. This remarkable suggestion—though it was never acted on—remained, as it were, "in the air"; and, though readers of Count Pasolini's memoirs will find it difficult to gather from them the precise object of his two missions to France and England in 1863, there is distinct proof that at the last of them this proposal was revived by the Italian statesman in a modified form. When, in fact, the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary had both preached a policy of patience, Count Pasolini asked "whether Italy might not in some form or other propose that Turkey should yield Moldo-Wallachia to Austria, and [that Austria] should give up Venetia to Italy," and to quote Lord Russell's own

words, "Neither Palmerston nor I discouraged the attempt if Italy chose to make it; and we both said that we should be glad to see a successful result to such a negotiation. But I said that I had no hope that Austria would meet the proposal other than by a flat refusal."

With this answer Count Pasolini returned to Italy, while the British Ministry, occupied with the acute crisis in Schleswig Holstein, had comparatively little leisure to devote to the claims of Venice. Napoleon held very different views on the Schleswig Holstein question from those which were entertained by the British Cabinet; he allowed his advisers to hint that, if war broke out, his first object would be the annexation of Venice to Italy; and his second object the Rhine for France. Though the men who then governed England cordially desired to stand by Denmark in her difficulty, and to secure the liberation of Venice, they could not consent to purchase either or both of these objects with a war which might have shifted every landmark in Europe. Napoleon's aid became, thenceforward, more dangerous than his abstention; and the German Powers were left to work their will unrestrained.

The consequences of this policy to Denmark were plain enough. She was forced to yield the disputed provinces. The consequences to Italy could not have been so easily foreseen. But, before two years were over, the German allies of 1864 were fighting for supremacy in Germany, and Austria, in the hour of her necessity, was forced to abandon Venetia.

With the events amidst which the Emperor's reign closed, however, this article has no concern. The Franco-German war, indeed, necessitated the final recall of the French garrison from Rome and thus effected the complete liberation of Italy. The policy to which Napoleon had committed himself, in 1859, had set him on a drift which he had neither the strength nor the will to resist, and which had carried him to his own ruin, and to the defeat of his country.

S. WALPOLE.

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY: HIS LIFE AND DUTIES.

A GREAT living statesman has been heard to remark that there are few matters about which there is commonly so much misapprehension as the life and duties of the private secretary to a Minister; the prevalent impression being that such duties are confined to answering formal letters, arranging interviews, issuing invitations, being civil to callers, looking up references, and tidying bundles of letters. This kind of work does, no doubt, form a part, and a material part, of the private secretary's duties, but it very inadequately represents the whole of them. His duties are of a far more varied, responsible, and important nature, especially when the Minister who is served happens to be head of the administration of the day, or to occupy some high Cabinet post.

The private secretary is essentially, and necessarily so, an "unseen power"—a man behind the political scenes, whose doings are mostly veiled from public view. It may be interesting to some people, and it may possibly likewise be somewhat instructive to aspirants to the post of private secretary, if the curtain veiling his proceedings be uplifted, and if an attempt be made to describe briefly what his duties really are, what are the qualifications necessary to ensure the efficient discharge of those duties, and what are the attractions and drawbacks of the life.

The post, if properly filled, is no sinecure. The amount of work to be done necessarily depends on the Minister who is served, on political circumstances, and on Parliamentary seasons. But the calls on the time of the private secretary are unlimited. He must ever be at the beck and call of his master. It is recorded of King Charles II. that he summarised the utility of Sidney

Godolphin as a public servant in a pointed remark. "Sidney Godolphin," said His Majesty, "is never in the way and never out of the way"; and there could not be a more apt definition of the primary qualifications of a private secretary. Indeed, to be successful in his calling the private secretary may with advantage appropriate this definition as his motto. While studiously avoiding obtrusiveness he should always be at hand, ready to answer any call, obey any behest, or meet any emergency. In his daily calling it is impossible to say one hour what the next hour will bring forth. His own convenience and his own pursuits must never stand in the way of his secretarial duties. He must be possessed of great powers of application. He must not only be capable of continuous hard work, he must also be able to execute it with despatch. "*Bis facit*" (to traverse a homely Latin saying) "*qui cito facit*"; and combined with dispatch there must be great accuracy and precision. The Minister may easily be landed in difficulties by a misleading docket to a letter, by a wrong date, by an inaccurate quotation, by any failure to carry out an instruction to the letter.

The primary object of the private secretary should be to save the Minister time and to spare him trouble. There are many means open to him which conduce to this end besides the mere transaction of routine work. Among such means there is the ability to discriminate between business which requires immediate attention and business which will wait till the convenient opportunity presents itself. Nothing is more calculated to bother a man whose time and thoughts are continuously occupied, and whose nervous system is constantly being strained, by the affairs of State, than unexpected interruption, which should accordingly be carefully avoided; and when recourse to interruption is unavoidable, there is generally a right way and a wrong way of interrupting. The exact moment must be watched, the habits of the individual Minister must be known, and his temperament must be taken into account. Again, the private secretary should be able to separate with sound and quick judgment the chaff from the wheat; for it is as essential not to make too much of trivial matters as it is not to make too light of important subjects.

He must be scrupulously attentive to details, and the more

scrupulous he is in this respect the more will he conduce not only to the comfort of his chief but also to his own comfort. There should be, indeed, nothing too small for him to be above applying his mind to with care and conscientiousness. There is an art in folding papers, an art in docketing letters, an art in arranging documents. He should not only be able to write a good and legible hand, but to express himself neatly—in short, to say intuitively the right thing in the right way. He should have a thorough knowledge of official ways and official etiquette; and he should be well versed in the working of the machinery of Government.

A knowledge of a different kind is hardly less requisite; and that is, a knowledge of the world, a knowledge of character, and a knowledge of his fellow creatures, a knowledge of "who's who," and a knowledge of the ways and manners of the community. The private secretary may easily offend a political supporter of his Ministerial chief by addressing a correspondent wrongly. He must not only have at his finger's end all "styles and titles," but he must know the exact terms on which the Minister is with his friends and supporters. The substitution of "Dear Sir" for "My Dear Mr. Jones," put into the mouth of the Minister, may arouse the susceptibilities of an over-sensitive correspondent: while the substitution of "Yours faithfully" for "Yours sincerely" in a letter may induce the recipient of it to suspect a new departure, or to imagine that some coolness or slight is intended. In these days of publicity, when the most trivial letter of a statesman is often communicated to the Press, every note should be written with as much care as if it were intended for the columns of a newspaper.

But personal communication needs to be conducted with even more tact and caution than written communication. An uncivil word dropped at an interview may lose a vote; an injudicious remark may create a permanent malcontent; the smallest display of impatience may give serious offence. The success of an interview will a good deal depend on first impressions. However hurried and busy he may be, the private secretary must never show any signs of annoyance at being interrupted. There must be no trace of the imprecation that may have escaped his lips before the visitor entered his room. Execrations must be turned into smiles; and

the most courteous of welcomes must be accorded to the intruder. One of the secrets of success in the medical profession is said to be the power of impressing a patient with the idea that his case is the most important, if not the only, case that occupies the thought of his physician. Similarly, the private secretary should appear to his visitor to be fully impressed with the importance of the particular business about which the interview is sought. He must draw largely on his stock of patience by listening with deferential attention to the tale that is told, to the grievance that is aired, or to the application that is made. He must promise that the case shall be represented in the most faithful and favourable light to his chief; and, without committing himself to any pledge, he may be justified in going so far as to say that, to his certain knowledge, compliance with the request will, if it be possible, afford the Minister unbounded satisfaction.

The indispensable presence of tact and discretion in the private secretary is self-evident; and closely allied to those qualities is another quality which may not be so obviously necessary: that is the possession of cool-headedness. The more flurried and harassed the Minister may be, the more imperturbable and collected should be the private secretary. In the exciting midst of Ministerial or personal crises it needs no ordinary calmness and presence of mind on his part to enable him to settle down to any particular business, and still more so to give the right preference in order of dispatch to this or that agendum. Moreover, he must not only have the power of retaining his head, he must also retain his memory. Directions on a great variety of subjects may be given to him in quick succession; and great importance may attach to the faithful execution of each one of the directions. To forget one of them may lead to considerable inconvenience; or to carry out another of them in an imperfect manner may give rise to no small difficulties and scrapes. There are probably few men in this position who can trust to their memories without incurring great risk of failure. The habit of taking notes of directions, even in the most hieroglyphical manner, is a habit to which the private secretary will do well to accustom himself.

But memory is not the only faculty which needs to be kept on

the stretch. He should always have both his ears and his eyes wide open. Remarks may be made, intentionally or unintentionally, in his hearing which may be of the highest moment, and which it should be his duty to report to headquarters. He will signally fail in his duty if he represents to his chief only the things that are pleasant and keeps to himself the things that are unpleasant.

The ideal relationship between the two men consists in perfect frankness and in the absence of all secrets. Indeed, it is almost essential that the private secretary should see everything and know everything, however much he may thereby be let in behind the scenes. Otherwise his usefulness must be greatly impaired, for he will frequently be unable to gauge the importance of an incident or a letter, and will be in danger of acting at times in direct contravention of the wishes of his chief, for the simple reason that he is not fully aware of his chief's objects and designs. The Minister should be able to gauge with accuracy the powers of his private secretary; and the private secretary should, without being in any way wanting in deference to his chief, be as alive to the faults and weaknesses of the Minister as to his virtues and strong points.

The drift of public opinion is a matter which the private secretary should be careful to watch and study. He should glance through all the important daily newspapers, and call the attention of the Minister to any paragraphs to which any real significance may be attached; and it will be well if he does not confine his researches to the London Press, when in these days hardly second in importance to that Press are the provincial organs. But newspapers do not constitute the only barometer that should be watched. There is the current talk of the day; the opinion of the proverbial "man in the street"; the resolutions of political associations and other organised bodies; the tone of the Minister's daily correspondence; there are the grumbles and laudatory remarks to which vent is given in Ministerial circles; there are the hysterical shrieks and the triumphant assertions which are to be heard in the ranks of the Opposition:—all these are indications in a rough and ready manner of the general feeling outside, which the Minister cannot afford to disregard, and to which the private secretary should be careful to see that due regard is paid.

Among the essential qualifications which a man occupying the position of a private secretary should possess are tidiness, method, and order. Indeed, it is difficult to over-rate the importance of these qualifications. His work, if it is to be done with dispatch and also turned out well, must be conducted on a system, and a carefully prepared system. All letters should be opened, disposed of, and put away on some settled plan. As soon as they have been dealt with, they should be carefully stowed away, and in such manner as is best calculated to ensure easy reference to them hereafter. To place some papers in boxes and others in cupboards; to put away some in envelopes and others uncovered; to fold some papers in one way and to fold others in another way; to tie up some papers and to allow other papers to lie loose:—these and such like unmethodical proceedings are certain to lead to confusion and to waste of time. It would be presumptuous to lay down the law, or to claim perfection for any particular system. The main consideration is that there should be *a* system, and that that system should be studiously and regularly observed. But perhaps it may be permissible to give some indication of one out of many modes of procedure, the value of which has been tested by lengthened experience.

(1) There should be (so to speak) one "receipt of custom." All letters addressed to the Minister, as well as those to the private secretary, should, as soon as they are delivered, be not only brought straight to the private secretary's room, but should be deposited there on some particular table.

(2) The letters which are opened should be uniformly folded, so that they may, as far as possible, present a uniform size, uniformity of size being a great consideration when the "putting away" stage is reached.

(3) The letters when thus docketed should, with any unopened letters, be daily taken by the private secretary to the Minister; and it will save the time of both if there should be a recognised hour in the day at which the secretary should present himself with the correspondence.

(4) The answers being dispatched, the correspondence should be put away without delay; and much importance attaches to

the mode in which papers are stored. Cupboards under lock and key, containing "pigeon-holes," afford the best accommodation.

One great advantage of a systematised procedure is that it tends to encourage and facilitate devolution; whereby the "short-cuts," which are afforded to us by the services of others placed at our disposal, may be turned to the fullest account. By "devolution" is meant the power of devolving on others what they can do as well as, if not better than, oneself; the ability to impart directions rapidly and clearly; the habit of trusting others and of bringing oneself to feel that one's own personal interference is not necessary to ensure the correct execution of a particular piece of business; the capacity for using other men's brains and for reducing to a minimum one's own manual labour. The use of devolution is a habit that has to be acquired; and it is not always readily acquired. Indeed, some men of the highest abilities and of the most business-like capacities never succeed in acquiring it; but it is a habit which is one of the most valuable attributes that a public man, and especially a Minister, can possess; and accordingly any secretarial system which fails to make the adoption of devolution easy for him is defective in a very material respect. The private secretary will, of course, find the use of "shorthand" a valuable means of facilitating devolution.

One of the most troublesome and difficult tasks devolving on a Minister is the attention which has to be given to applications for honours and appointments. In these matters the private secretary may make himself very useful in preparing the ground for the Minister by investigating and sifting claims, with discrimination and yet without bias. He may very likely have access to information which may in ordinary course never reach his chief's ears, and which, if used with discretion, may prevent the commission of some flagrant abuse or glaring error. Modesty is not usually characteristic of applicants for Royal or Ministerial favours; and importunity is, unfortunately, too often rewarded. Indeed, the nursery reminder to children is often travestied when applied to adults; for, while those who do not ask may often be held not to want, yet it does not generally happen that "those who ask don't

get"; and it is those who do not ask of whom the private secretary should be specially mindful.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the necessity of retaining copies of all letters of any importance written by the Minister; and what is expedient in the case of ordinary correspondence becomes essential in the case of submissions to the Sovereign, Cabinet memoranda, and communications to colleagues. The omission to copy these has resulted in leaving many blanks in history. Even at great inconvenience and at the expense of some little delay, it should be a *sine quâ non* that no memorandum or note of this nature should leave the Minister's office in a Cabinet box or envelope uncopied. In this matter the private secretary should not take upon himself to discriminate; for it is impossible in the hurry of the moment to distinguish between what may, and what may not, eventually prove to possess a material value. It often happens that, though details of Ministerial policy and incidents which may be of the greatest import at the moment are subsequently recorded in State papers, or are shortly made public, yet the most fragmentary jottings, which may seem insignificant when written, may become of surpassing interest and use to the political student of the future.

There is one duty of some delicacy devolving on the private secretary which we must not omit to note; and that is the duty of occasionally interviewing representatives of the Press and news agencies, who vie with one another in their eagerness to satiate their thirst for information, if not to worm secrets out of him. It must be remembered that what a Minister may, on the one hand, say on his own responsibility, the private secretary may have no right to say; while the private secretary may, on the other hand, with impunity give some indication of certain things about which the Minister's own mouth may be closed. Such occasions will put the private secretary's powers of discretion and tact to the severest of tests, and it is impossible for him to exercise those powers with too great caution.

It is hardly necessary to say that the life of a private secretary is a life of great attraction and one of absorbing interest. Its attractions are naturally in no small measure dependent on the

individual Minister whom he happens to serve. It is, as in domestic circles, the master who makes the servant. There are masters and masters; some most difficult to please; others, perhaps, too easy to please; some who are most exacting and inconsiderate; others, perhaps, who are too easy-going and too indulgent. The Minister whom it is most advantageous as well as pleasant to serve is probably one who errs on the side of being a tolerably severe taskmaster, but who, by never omitting to give credit when credit is due, and at the same time to indulge freely in criticism when criticism is justly provoked, shows that he is thoroughly alive to the standard of service which is rendered to him. The interests of the private secretary's life are manifold, and less dependent upon the individual served. He knows (or ought to know) all that is going on behind the scenes in the Ministerial world; he comes in contact with all the most prominent actors on the political stage; he has the privilege of being brought into confidential relationship with one of the controlling forces of this country; he is able to watch the workings of great minds, to study human nature to considerable advantage, to note the weakness of this man and the strength of that man; he is in a position quietly to assist in greasing the wheels of State machinery, which often drag much more heavily than is evident to the ordinary onlooker; he has cognisance of incidents of a personal and often thrilling nature; he may have the satisfaction of being able to remove misunderstandings, to smooth over differences, to allay, if not to prevent, Cabinet jars, and at times to do good turns in small ways to others. These and other considerations constitute the interest of the life. But the life is not only interesting: it is highly instructive. It gives a man a wide insight into the conduct of Government in this country; indeed, a far wider and more accurate one than is afforded by Parliamentary service, however long. It gives him a smattering of State-craft. It opens to him the doors of the best school for taking part in public life. It may, perhaps, modify for the worse his opinion of his fellow creatures, by bringing to his knowledge the self-seeking nature of those whom previously he had considered to be above anything mean or sordid. But it throws light on the frailty of men; it makes him better acquainted with

mankind in general, and better prepares him for facing the dangers and avoiding the sneers of the world.

The feeling of being in a responsible position may of itself have its attractions, and not unnaturally so; but the responsibility in this instance is undeniably great; and the private secretary cannot have too constantly present to his mind that, while he may be an instrument for good, he may readily become an instrument for evil. He may far more easily assist in marring than in making a Minister. Wrong advice tendered, careless words uttered, want of tact, foolish slips made, and such like commissions and omissions on the part of the private secretary may do much harm to the Minister, and tell against him in a most undue degree. The private secretary, moreover, must be prepared to meet with disagreeable times, experience awkward moments, and face no small disappointments. It may be that the Minister is being severely taken to task for some blunder or foolish move; and it may likely enough be said, "Surely So-and-so, his private secretary, if he had had any gumption in him at all, would have prevented Mr. A. from doing such and such a thing." The reflection on the private secretary may be a just one; for, if he was an acquiescing party in the deed, it is not unfair that some share of the blame for the blunder in question should be laid on his shoulders. But it may be that he did all he could to dissuade his chief from doing what has proved to be a blunder; and then to find that the misdeed is, notwithstanding, attributed to him is provoking, to say the least of it, though it may be unavoidable. There must be also other occasional unpleasantnesses. On the one hand, the private secretary may often hear his chief abused; and no matter how unfair that abuse may be, he may often be obliged to remain muzzled; for to defend his master may entail his saying what he has neither business nor authority to say. On the other hand, when questions about which his tongue is not so tied are debated he must defend the Minister or Ministerial measure in question, even though in his innermost heart he may consider the man to be in fault or the measure to be a blunder. Both these predicaments are awkward ones, but they may be of not unusual occurrence.

It will be seen, then, that there are some drawbacks to the life.

There remains to be recorded a certain objection to it; and that is the false position of power in which the private secretary, however unavoidably, is placed. He cannot help assuming a certain amount of power; but it is a power unattended with responsibility to the public, and such power ought not in the nature of things to exist. He may be the author of some blunder; and yet he will not be brought publicly to account for it. It is not he himself, but the Minister, on whom the duty of defence will fall. With this danger, then, constantly surrounding him, the private secretary cannot be too careful to exercise such power as he must have with as little assumption and self-assertion as possible; and to avoid giving himself airs of self-importance.

The tale of the private secretary, though it might easily be enlarged upon, has been in all essential respects told; and it will probably be acknowledged that it is far easier to write the part than to act it. This acknowledgment will of itself fulfil one of the objects of these pages; for, though there has been no intention to magnify the importance of the post, it has been desired to show that an efficient discharge of its duties needs more qualifications than it is commonly supposed to require. If what has been said may deter young men, with no calling, but with an ambition to do *something*, from concluding that at any rate they are fitted to be tacked on to the secretarial staff of a Minister, yet it is hoped that it may enhance the value of the position in the eyes of those who seek to undertake real and responsible work, or who wish to get out of the official ruck, or who, being aspirants to take a part in public affairs, may be anxious to go through the best course of State apprenticeship. To such men the occupation of private secretary may be confidently recommended as one of the most interesting and attractive callings in life. It is said that there are only two happy days in the term of Ministerial office—the day on which the Minister accepts office and the day on which he lays it down. With the private secretary it is otherwise. It is probable that to him the day on which he is apprised of his confidential appointment will be the day of his life on which he will look back with the greatest pride, and that the day on which he has to give up that appointment will be the day which will be tinged with most regret.

TRAINING: ITS BEARING ON HEALTH.

No. III.

THE injurious effects of premature work and training are seen in horses even more conspicuously than in men. Every horse-breeder knows that a young horse put too early to work will in all probability not grow to the size of its compeers which are left unharnessed till they are fully developed. Moreover, the bones and ligaments are very apt to yield under the strain which they are not firm enough to resist, and the result is seen in the establishment of that generally dilapidated and tumble-down appearance known as "standing over." The reason why so many of the London cab horses, especially those between the shafts of four-wheelers, look when standing on the rank as if they must inevitably fall on their knees, is not so much that they are underbred as that they are overdriven when only three or four years old. Too early training for the racecourse is even more pernicious than premature draught work. The waste of magnificent horseflesh entailed by races for two-year-olds must be a source of regret not unmixed with indignation to all those who have at heart the improvement of our breed of horses. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that these races ruin nine-tenths of our thoroughbred horses before they reach maturity, and it would be well if they were altogether abolished. The greatest amount of mischief is done when two-year-old racing commences very early in the year. An attempt was made some years ago to induce the Jockey Club to pass a rule that no two-year-old race should take place before a certain date. There was, I believe, a considerable preponderance of opinion among the members in favour of the proposal, but it was abandoned in deference to the remonstrances

of the people living in the towns where the earliest races take place, who contended that the new arrangement would prevent their fixtures finding a place in the Racing Calendar.

Of course there are "infant prodigies" in the equine as in the human species, and two-year-old horses have won races as Napoleon won victories at an age when ordinary men have hardly left college. To cite only two instances which occur to me, The Bard won the earliest two-year-old race in the year at Lincoln, and won fifteen other races as a two-year-old, being only just beaten for the Derby by Ormonde. Donovan also won the earliest two-year-old race of the year, and afterwards got all the great races both as a three and as a four year-old. Exceptional cases like these, however, cannot be taken as disproving the teaching of experience with regard to the majority of young horses. The mischief done by too early training, and the barbarous treatment often employed to counteract its evil effects, cannot be better described than in the words of a great veterinary authority, Professor Varnell, which I need make no apology for quoting: "Many young horses are trained when not more than a year and a-half old, and a large proportion of them are thereby lamed for life. Their joints become diseased, their ligaments and tendons strained, and their bones and the membranes covering them inflamed. In this condition they are placed in the hands of the veterinary surgeon, very often with a peremptory order to fire and blister the affected limbs. Instances are not unknown when only one leg is affected for a request to fire the opposite one also, on the supposition that it would be strengthened by the operation. If the suggestion is acted on, the poor animal's legs are cauterised with the hot iron, and he is again handed over to the trainers. Such a horse might stand the training, but in all probability he would break down in the first race he ran."

Another source of danger in training is the exhausting nature of the process if injudiciously carried out. If the amount or kind of work prescribed is such as to cause serious and lasting fatigue, a condition of "over-pressure" is induced which is not only a real disease in itself but a possible predisposing cause of graver ailments. Physiology teaches us that the contraction of muscle is attended with the production of various chemical substances,

such as carbonic acid, lactic acid, urea, creatin, sugar, phosphates, &c. In the normal state these waste matters—the ashes of the fire of life—are easily got rid of by the kidneys, lungs, and other organs which play the part of *dustmen* to the economy. The greater the work done the larger, naturally, is the amount of waste matters produced; and if work is increased beyond a certain point the physiological dustbin becomes full faster than it can be emptied. In that case the waste matters accumulate in the muscles and give rise to the feeling of fatigue; indeed, fatigue can be artificially induced by injecting into the muscles of a perfectly fresh animal an "extract" of the muscles of another that is tired out. In healthy persons a comparatively short period of rest suffices for the removal of the waste matters, and fatigue disappears. It may be said here that this happy result is much assisted by allowing athletes a sufficient amount of sleep, as, in addition to the repose afforded to the muscles thereby, there is during sleep much less formation of the poisonous materials that cause fatigue than in the waking state. Hence sleep is a particularly favourable condition for the "working off" of the poisons generated during exercise. If, however, the work to be done is too severe or too prolonged, the elimination of waste matters cannot keep pace with their production, the system becomes saturated with them, and "auto-intoxication" results, the man being in truth poisoned by materials of his own manufacture. The dose may be sufficient to cause death, as in the case reported by Dr. Bertherand of two native runners in Algiers, who died immediately after having run respectively 192 kilometres in 45 hours and 252 kilometres in 62 hours. On examination of the bodies nothing was found beyond the ordinary signs of excessive fatigue (intense blackness of the blood owing to deficient aëration, great softening and discoloration of the muscles, extravasation of blood in various parts of the skin and mucous membranes, with extremely rapid decomposition). It is well known that the flesh of animals which have died in a state of great exhaustion has a very disagreeable smell and taste and putrefies very quickly; if eaten it is likely to cause symptoms of poisoning. Instances of this, I believe, sometimes occur among the inmates of Spanish poor-houses to whom the carcases

of the bulls killed in the bull-fights are sometimes handed over; so bad, however, is the flesh of the animals after the terrible struggle they have gone through, that even the hungriest pauper will often refuse to eat it. It is now coming to be recognised that many of the cases of so-called "sun-stroke" among soldiers on the march are really due to the auto-intoxication by waste products which I have described.

I have said that fatigue, if excessive and prolonged, may sometimes rise to the dignity of a disease, and indeed so severe are the symptoms which it may induce that it has more than once been mistaken for typhoid fever. Moreover, the general prostration of the vital powers which constitutes the condition of "over-pressure" (of which fatigue is only the indicative sensation as hunger is of inanition) makes the system much less able than it normally is to resist the attacks of any microbes that may be going about seeking whom they may devour. It is thought by some experienced observers that this may possibly be a factor of some importance in the well-known liability of soldiers to typhoid fever. In the case of an outbreak of that disease in barracks, the blame is always laid on the sanitary conditions of the buildings, and no doubt generally with perfect justice. Still instances have been known in which, after the drains had undergone a solemn sanitary lustration and the whole arsenal of scientific disinfectants had been exhausted in vain, the epidemic has ceased as if by enchantment on the commanding officer being replaced by a less exacting disciplinarian. How large a part in the production of these epidemics is played by excessive drill, forced marches, &c., cannot be definitely stated, but it is certainly considerable, and it is well known that young soldiers not yet broken to fatigue are particularly prone to be attacked by typhoid fever.

The danger arising from fatigue during training can, to a large extent, be avoided by making the process very gradual. Fatigue, as has been said, is a poison, but by judicious management tolerance can be established exactly as in the case of many other poisons, as, for example, tobacco, opium, and arsenic. Habit will make a man able to bear without the least distress an amount of fatigue which only a short time before would have utterly dis-

abled him; but the habit can only be acquired by degrees, and at first especially by advancing from step to step very cautiously.

I can touch but very lightly on the evil effects which too severe a course of training may have on the heart. Most doctors are familiar with the "irritable heart" of young athletes and soldiers; the pulse is rapid and irregular with some amount of palpitation, showing that the circulatory apparatus has been somewhat over-strained. Another symptom often observed in athletes—notably, I believe, in the wrestlers of Cumberland—is a peculiar slowness of the heart's action. Signs of heart failure are common in over-worked recruits; they suffer from shortness of breath, with discomfort and pain about the region of the heart, even on slight exertion. They become languid and are easily tired and liable to attacks of faintness. These symptoms are due to the increase in the size of the heart not keeping pace with the greater amount of work demanded of it. "Setting up" drill, owing to the forced bulging out of the chest which it involves, is a fertile source of such troubles. Fortunately the remedy in most cases is simple and certain. The zeal of the drill-sergeant must be moderated by the discretion of the doctor; exercise must be carefully regulated so as to keep well within the limits of the man's powers of endurance, and, above all, a due amount of rest must be allowed to the over-strained heart. This rest is best obtainable by lying down and keeping perfectly quiet for a couple of hours in the middle of the day. In all young soldiers and athletes the heart should be carefully watched so that work may be discontinued or considerably lightened at the first sign of insufficiency. Another thing that must be kept under close supervision is the variation in weight that takes place under training. If a man, after the initial process of reduction has disencumbered him of his superfluous tissue, continues progressively to lose weight in spite of adequate feeding and careful regulation of the work which he has to do, it is probable that he will never make an efficient soldier or athlete.

With regard to the danger of training arising from peculiarities of constitution or conformation in the person subjected to it, all that need be said here is that the very first thing to be aimed at by the trainer or the drill-sergeant is the elimination of the unfit. No one,

as has already been said, should be allowed to go into training until he has been examined by an experienced medical man and found to be free not only from actual disease but from recognisable seeds of future mischief. Persons with disease or notable weakness of the heart; or with marked delicacy of the lungs, or even a distinct tuberculous inheritance; or with rupture or any tendency thereto; or who are so fat that the reducing process will have to be exceptionally severe; or who are suffering or ever have suffered from chronic disease of any bone or joint—all, in short, who have any "weak spot" in their bodily equipment, should be uncompromisingly rejected.

On the whole, however, while it would be unwise to shut one's eyes to the dangers of premature training and excessive exercise, it would be still more foolish to exaggerate them. By weeding out the weaklings in the first place, and by carefully tempering the wind to the shorn lamb, so to speak, in the case of those actually under training, there is practically little danger of any real harm being done. The best rule of conduct for both trainer and those undergoing training is embodied in Talleyrand's counsel to young diplomatists: "Surtout, Messieurs, pas trop de zèle." Obedience to this golden maxim will, with the help of medical advice as a controlling or at least a sanctioning agency, effectually prevent most of the evils which have been mentioned.

Sensible trainers and athletes can afford to laugh at the sweeping statements that are still made from time to time as to the ruinous effects of exercise and training on the majority of those who find pleasure in the use and development of the strength with which Nature has endowed them. To read such denunciations, one would think man was made to spend the days of his youth in a bath-chair, with a maiden aunt at his elbow to keep the wind of heaven from visiting his cheek too roughly. When one reads in an American newspaper that "of the thirty-two all-round athletes in a New York club of five years ago, three are dead of consumption, five have to wear trusses, four or five are lop-shouldered, and three have catarrh and partial deafness," or sees Dr. Patton, chief surgeon of the National Soldiers' Home at Dayton, Ohio, quoted as saying that of the 5,000 soldiers in that institution "fully 80 per cent.

are suffering from heart disease in one form or another, due to the forced physical exertions of the campaigns," one can only suppose, either that the statements go considerably beyond the strict limit of truth, or that our Anglo-Saxon race has lost some of its native toughness by transplantation to the other side of the Atlantic. Even if the 5,000 soldiers are all invalids, and the proportion of heart disease among them is really as large as it is said to be, it would, I imagine, be as difficult to prove as it is easy to assert that this was altogether due to campaigning. Before admitting this, one would like to know a good deal more about the ages and personal habits of these afflicted veterans.

From vague statements of the kind referred to one need only appeal to accurate statistics collected by competent authorities. No form of athletic exercise has been more fiercely condemned as the source of all kinds of physical evil than the University Boat Race, and yet on dispassionate examination the greater part of the indictment fades away in the light of truth like the baseless fabric of a vision. Some years ago Dr. J. E. Morgan, of Manchester, himself formerly captain of his College boat, instituted a series of painstaking inquiries among all the oarsmen who had rowed in the University Boat Race between 1829 and 1869, extending his inquiries among their relatives and friends, with the view of determining what effect that contest and the training preparatory thereto had had on their health and longevity. He found that out of a total of two hundred and ninety-four only seventeen either described themselves or were spoken of by their friends—in some instances with very considerable reservation—as having suffered more or less from their labours. By careful analysis of these cases, however, Dr. Morgan found that in several of them the evil was in all probability unconnected with rowing, whilst in others it was directly traceable to the fact that the men had rowed when "stale" from over-training, or when unfit for such an exertion owing to illness. A few seemed to have suffered not so much from rowing as from discontinuance of the exercise, and more or less sudden subsidence into a sedentary life. It is worthy of note that in only two or three cases was the heart the organ that was supposed to have been damaged, and in one of these cases the heart was known

to have been affected before rowing had been much indulged in, while in another the patient himself attributed his condition to his having trained and rowed too young. Several of the men were consumptive, and it was not likely that rowing shortened their lives. That the alleged baneful effects of the great boat race are absurdly exaggerated is proved by some elaborate actuarial calculations by which Dr. Morgan demonstrates that, judging from past experience, University oarsmen have in point of fact a longer expectation of life than other people. It is interesting to note that of a total of thirty-nine deaths which occurred in the period of forty years over which his inquiry extends, only 7·4 per cent. were due to heart affections, whilst the mortality from lung disease was also greatly below the average. Among the whole number of oarsmen there was no single example of any of those rapidly fatal forms of heart disease (rupture of valves, aneurism, &c.) which every hospital physician meets with from time to time in men whose occupation involves much muscular effort. In only two cases was rupture of a blood-vessel caused by rowing in the boat race. Dr. Morgan sums up the results of his inquiry as follows:* "From these statistics it appears that one hundred and fifteen (or 39 per cent. of the whole) were benefited by their exertions, one hundred and sixty-two (or 55 per cent.) were in no way injured, while seventeen (or about 6 per cent.) refer to themselves, or are spoken of by their friends, as having sustained that amount of injury" which, as already said, on close analysis turns out to be open to considerable doubt.

The results of Dr. Morgan's accurate investigation ought to settle this question once for all. It establishes the very thesis for which I have been contending, viz., that whilst training and exercise pursued with reasonable precautions are beneficial to the great majority of men, they are undoubtedly injurious in a few exceptional cases. The mistake made by the thorough-going opponents of athleticism is in mourning over the candidate for muscular fame who breaks down under training and refusing to be comforted by the thought of the ninety-nine who flourish under it. So blinded

* *University Oars.* Macmillan and Co., London, 1873, p. 41.

are these well-meaning people by prejudice that I have actually seen Dr. Morgan's figures quoted in several quarters as a striking proof of the disastrous effect of the University Boat Race. The seventeen "victims" are cited, but not a word is said about the remaining two hundred and seventy-seven! This is an abuse of statistics similar to that which we are so well accustomed to in the case of fanatical temperance advocates, anti-vaccinators, *et hoc genus omne.*

The truth, as usual, lies between the two extremes, but if I were compelled to choose between rampant athleticism and what I may call the bath-chair theory of muscular life, I should unhesitatingly prefer the former as being on the whole less hurtful to the individual and to the race.

MORELL MACKENZIE.

"THE QUINTESSENCE OF IBSENISM."

AN OPEN LETTER TO GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

MY DEAR G.B.S.,

ON that summer afternoon of last year when you read your Fabian Essay on Ibsen (it was not yet quintessentiated) to A.B.W., my wife, and myself, under the elm-trees by Walden Pond, I fear you found us the very worst audience you ever addressed. A.B.W. confesses that after a brief but desperate effort to adjust his mind to your novel terminology, he gave it up in despair, and fell to considering the prospects of the root-crops. For my part, I was seasoned beforehand to your freakish irrationalism, your perverse Schopenhauerism—may I say your Shawpenhauerism? I was thus in a position, while recognising the acuteness and ingenuity of your analyses of individual plays, to scoff at the jargon in which you had chosen to expose the ground-work of your theory—a darkening of counsel (so it seemed to me) by sheer metaphysical verbalism. My criticisms, like the remarks of Bret Harte's Californian controversialist, were so "frequent and painful and free," that I have ever since regarded your self-restraint in not pitching me into the alluringly viscous horse-pond as a sufficient refutation of your doctrine of human motives. You maintain that we do not "do things for reasons," but simply "find reasons for what we want to do." Now you will scarcely deny that you *wanted* to plunge me into the duck-weed—that your Will, with a big W, made for my immersion; and no one who knows your powers of casuistry will doubt that you could have found a score of excellent reasons for so doing. (I will not insult so eminent a light-weight as the author of *Cashel Byron's Profession*, by suggesting that any physical difficulty could

act as a deterrent.) The fact remains, however, that the depths of that tarn (as Ibsen is our theme, let us be Ibsenesque) are as yet unplumbed by me; whence it ensues that your action was not governed by your Will with a big W, but was the resultant of a plexus of perfectly comprehensible motives acting upon your (lower-case) will; or in other words, that you behaved, in spite of yourself, not like a high-and-mighty Realist (to adopt your own terminology), but like a grovelling, logic-chopping, "canny" Rationalist. And this although your opening chapters are devoted to proclaiming that you "don't believe there's no sich person!"

Indeed, I cannot but suspect you of having taken my criticisms more rationally than I had ventured to hope. It seems to me that there is less jargon in the completed book than there was in the initial essay. You may point to this as a proof that I am gradually becoming a convert to Shawpenhauerism, alleging that the difference lies, not in your text, but in the eyes with which I read it. Perhaps so; but a very little labour of the file may do a great deal in the way of dejargonisation. Be this as it may, the "Quintessence" as it now stands is in every way a great improvement on the first draft. The analyses of the plays are little masterpieces of dialectical and literary dexterity. Your treatment of *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* fills me with envious awe. I have read and re-read these poems until I know them as intimately as Mr. Ruskin knows Giotto's Campanile; you, on the other hand, have never read them at all, but have merely picked up a vague, second-hand knowledge of their outlines; yet you have penetrated their mystery (I speak in all seriousness) much more thoroughly than I have—more thoroughly even than Mr. P. H. Wicksteed, whose marvellous familiarity with their text far surpasses mine. The reason is plain enough: Mr. Wicksteed and I (philosophical bias apart) are bewildered by the multitudinous details, fantastic, mystical, often, to all appearance, mutually destructive, the touches of local and temporary satire, the outbursts of tumultuous creative rapture, by which you remain blissfully undisturbed. You study the great twin-towered cathedral, so to speak, on paper, taking in at a glance the ground-plan and elevations; we see it in all its amazing lavishness of form and colour, light and shade, fretwork and tracery, an

elaborately-orchestrated piece of "frozen music." I do not believe, and you do not pretend, that the architect himself, while rearing the pile, had the ground-plan and elevations as clearly in his mind's eye as you have them in yours; but they may be substantially correct for all that. In your accounts of the later plays, and especially of *Rosmersholm* and *Hedda Gabler*, there are several details of interpretation with which I cannot agree; and you have throughout reduced the poet's intentions and the motives of his characters to a diagrammatic definiteness which will tend to strengthen the predisposition, already inveterate in some quarters, to regard Ibsen, not as a poet, but as the showman of a moral waxwork. That cannot be helped; it is a drawback inseparable from expository criticism. I do not for a moment doubt that, on the whole, your analyses will help the candid reader not only to understand Ibsen as a thinker, but to appreciate him as a poet; as for the uncandid reader, he must be left to time and his own conscience. Not that I accuse all those who "see nothing in Ibsen" of disingenuousness. Most of them suffer from sheer obtuseness to the higher order of dramatic effects—a malady which may co-exist with more than average sensitiveness to other forms of literary excellence.

Granting, however, that you have succeeded in the main in following up the line of thought which runs through Ibsen's plays, from *Brand* onwards—granting, too, that your peculiar use of the terms "Idealist" and "Realist" is justified by convenience—I return to the consideration of what I still regard, even in its modified form, as your perverse Shawpenhauerism. Why give your doctrine a wantonly obscurantist air by vapouring about "the will to live," as though that were a substantive discovery of Schopenhauer's, and not merely a convenient and luminous name for a phenomenon or group of phenomena which had been more or less clearly recognised from time immemorial? That the name, and the philosophic synthesis it implies, marked a great advance towards lucidity of thought, I, for my part, most potently believe. I profess myself a convinced Schopenhauerist. I have not read Schopenhauer any more than you have; but I had thought my way to many of his conclusions (and Hamlet's) before I had so much as

heard his name. This I say to show that my objection to your Shawpenhauerism arises from no mere sectarian prejudice, unless it be a prejudice to shrink from attributing Mesopotamian blessedness to any formula whatsoever. My point is that by juggling with the words "will" and "reason," you not only make a simple matter needlessly obscure, but give countenance to other word-jugglers who use their sleight-of-hand to reactionary ends. Because the eye is an imperfect organ—because it cannot see what is not in sight and is subject to illusion in what it *does* see—are we therefore to renounce its aid altogether and elect to walk blindfold? I assure you that is a perfectly natural—I will not infuriate you by saying "logical"—deduction from your babble about "the age of reason going its way after the age of faith."

The quintessence of Ibsen's doctrine, according to you, is simply that circumstances alter cases. "He protests," you say, "against the ordinary assumption that there are certain supreme ends which justify all means used to attain them; and insists that every end shall be challenged to show that it justifies the means. Our ideals, like the gods of old, are constantly demanding human sacrifices. Let none of them, says Ibsen, be placed above the obligation to prove that they are worth the sacrifices they demand." Well and good; but what is this but the old utilitarian, rationalist morality? I am firmly convinced that you originally wrote "to prove that they are consistent with the greatest good of the greatest number," and then suddenly remembered that that phrase smacked of the Age of Reason, now happily transcended. But, having expunged it, you promptly restated it in a vaguer form; small blame to you, say I, for your beloved "will to live" is implicit in the Benthamite formula. Of course that formula, like all the rest, must be challenged and put on trial—and that, mark you, in the Court of Reason. As it stands, the phrase is what you call an Ideal, what Ibsen calls a "Genganger"—for who denies that rationalism as well as theology has its "Ghosts"? Strictly considered, indeed, it is meaningless; for there is nothing to show whether it implies "the greatest number consistent with the highest good" or "the highest good consistent with the greatest possible number." But whatever its verbal defects, it points in the

right, because in the only possible, direction, and you, my ingenuous sophist, in the very act of scoffing at it, are throwing the search-light of reason along the path it indicates. Whither that path will lead us I do not pretend to foresee. You, with charming inconsistency, appear to look forward to a time when there shall be no general rules of conduct, but every act shall be regulated by a special judgment, a deliberate ratiocination, as to its utility. My faith in human reason is not so robust. I am rather inclined to speculate upon a scientific morality, a set of formulas or ideals, if you choose to put it so, based upon a thorough knowledge of what we are as yet but groping after—the laws of physical and mental hygiene; a morality to which the human will (psychological, not metaphysical), tamed, and, as Ibsen would say, acclimatised, in the course of generations, shall submit without a struggle and with no conscious sacrifice of freedom. You may object that this implies an unthinkable state of stable equilibrium; but the approach to perfect civilisation may be asymptotic, not absolute; and furthermore, how do you know that the "constant growth of the will," which you so confidently postulate, may not prove to be a "Genganger"? I admit that my stable moral world will not be at all amusing; but perhaps by that time our sense of humour will have been tamed, along with so many other inconvenient spiritual promptings.

Mr. Birrell has remarked somewhere or other that if Macaulay were to come to life again, a good many of us would be more careful than we are how we write about him. This saying came to my mind, with Voltaire's name in place of Macaulay's, as I read your curt dismissal of his immortal *Je n'en vois pas la nécessité*. What fun he would have made of your "universal postulate," your solemn quibbling with the word "necessity," and your ingenuous belief that you had proved Reason to be nowhere in the race when you had only shown, what no one dreamed of denying, that Instinct, or if you prefer it "will to live," has always had a certain start of her! Why, man alive, where do you find any necessity, natural, logical, or moral, for the individual life? Nature, it is clear, "does not see the necessity" any more than Voltaire or "the late lamented guillotine," as Ibsen calls it. By a convenient metaphor, we call

her "careful of the type," but she is notoriously "careless of the single life." You, I suppose, will scarcely maintain the theological position that—

> We, like sentries, are obliged to stand
> In starless nights, and wait the appointed hour.

There remains only the logical necessity, deduced from your "universal postulate" of the will to live; and hourly experience proves to us that it is not universal at all. We are all of us answering the question "To be, or not to be?" every moment of our lives, and our answer at any given moment is the resultant of a complex set of forces of which instinct or habit is only one, though doubtless in most cases the most potent. We can all conceive circumstances which would turn the scale against the primal instinct; every day of the year, every hour of the day, some of us—a certain percentage—find ourselves placed in such circumstances. And remember that the suicides who come within the ken of the coroner are but a vanishing minority of those who deliberately die because the will to live is not their strongest motive. Is it not clear, indeed, that the man who first "did not see the necessity" was the founder of civilisation? (By the way, he was probably a woman.) We are what we are in virtue of the impulse which caused some more or less human ancestor of ours to tag an adverb to his will to live. The instinct is no longer crude and absolute, even among the higher animals. Among men, it has developed into the will to live nobly, or respectably, or ostentatiously, or (in nine cases out of ten) comfortably. Our dear Hedda Gabler was full of the will to live beautifully, and when she found that she had mistaken the way, when she no longer believed in vine-leaves in the hair, her will was to die beautifully—and she fulfilled it. Poor little Hedvig, too—did *she* "see the necessity"? No, it was her father who acknowledged himself "face to face with the universal postulate."

> Hialmar, having seen her body
> Borne before him on a shutter,
> True to Shawpenhauerism,
> Went on eating bread-and-butter,

and no doubt making phrases about the will to live.

I know, my dear G.B.S., that this is a wrangle about words;

that we do not differ as to the facts ; and that you will be prepared with an ingenious vindication of the set of terms you choose to employ. My point is that in using them you play into the hands of superstition and reactionism. And you do yourself injustice ; for let me end this diatribe by saying that the affection I have long felt for you—no pitiful false shame shall make me fall back on a more conventional word—is founded on the belief that less, perhaps, than any other man I have ever known, do you "see the necessity."

WILLIAM ARCHER.

A RAMBLE IN BOSNIA AND THE HERZEGOVINA.

THOSE who contemplate a visit to the latest acquisition of the Austrian Empire have the choice of two routes for their journey—one by way of Vienna, Pesth, and Brod, the other by steamer from Trieste to Metkovich, and thence up the Narenta valley to Mostar and Serajevo. I chose the former, both as being more direct and because Herr von Kallay, Imperial Minister of Finance and Administrator of the Occupied Provinces, had expressed a desire to see me. Foreign tourists in his domain are so rare that his Excellency possibly wished to satisfy himself that the objects of my friend and myself were innocuous. We found no difficulty in convincing him of this fact, and nothing could exceed either the courtesy of our reception or the kindness with which he instantly offered to make every arrangement for our convenience.

Furnished with numerous recommendations to local officials, and provided with the latest angling paraphernalia with a view to capturing the celebrated big trout of Bosnia, we left the Staatsbahn early one morning, and, after a tedious journey, arrived on the following day at Brod, on the banks of the Save. This river, best known to fame as the scene of Canon MacColl's mythical impalements, still forms the boundary line between East and West, even as in the days of Prince Eugène and the Janissaries. On the one side are presented the ordinary features of European life and civilisation ; on the other are reproduced the familiar scenes of Asia and Africa.

The narrow-gauge railway connecting Brod with Serajevo constitutes one of the most conspicuous achievements of the occupa-

tion. It is under the management of the military authorities, who are reported to conduct their work with unwonted success and capacity. The line winds and climbs through a charming district, a modified Switzerland, abounding in wooded hills, and watered by the clearest of streams. While the general aspect of the country and inhabitants recalls more or less the neighbouring States of Servia and Bulgaria, the presence of numerous Austrian soldiers and officials is scarcely necessary to enable one to realise that the province has passed into the possession of a great European Power. Yet, in spite of this obvious fact, Bosnia has lost little, so far, of her Oriental character, and the uncompromising nature of the Mussulman inhabitants is reflected in their very dress. Nowhere are the seclusion and veiling of women more strictly enforced, and in no portion of the Turkish dominions did fanaticism obtain a firmer foothold. This circumstance is all the more curious when it is remembered that the Bosnian Mussulmans are, strictly speaking, not Turks at all, but renegade Slavs, who are unacquainted with the Turkish language, and bear the same names as their Christian neighbours. There could be no more forcible demonstration of the transforming power of Islam.

Serajevo, the "Damascus of the North," as it has been fondly named by the Turks, is the terminus of the railway and the capital of the province. Lying at the head of a wide and fertile valley, and backed by an amphitheatre of lofty and wooded hills, it would be difficult to name a more picturesque city. A mountain torrent crossed by numerous bridges traverses the town, the houses appearing at a distance to be one and all embowered in luxuriant gardens. Minarets, the domes of mosques and baths, and the campaniles of Christian churches all combine in adding to the charm of the scene. Indeed, the Bosnian capital, in my humble opinion, offers attractions quite equal to those of many towns of greater fame and pretensions. The artist, the antiquary, and the sportsman will each find opportunity for indulging in his favourite pursuit, while the itinerant seeker after knowledge will experience from the bureaucrats established in their brand new offices a readiness to impart information seldom encountered on the Continent.

My investigations were chiefly confined to the fishing capacities

of the country. In the Bosna, close to Serajevo, there is excellent grayling fishing, and at Jaitza, in Northern Bosnia, to which place we made an expedition in order to witness some curious national sports of remote origin, there are trout and the so-called Danubian salmon; but the river which we had destined to be the scene of really stupendous fishing exploits was the Narenta. The latter contains trout of an enormous size, which are only to be caught by spinning. Mr. E. B. Freeman, H.B.M.'s Consul, has himself killed fish in it up to 28lb. in weight, while the natives with their nets occasionally capture specimens of over 40lb. As the weather appeared favourable and Mr. Freeman on his last expedition had killed several of nearly 20lb. apiece, we naturally entered upon the contest with the proverbial light heart. Fate ruled adversely; while the sport obtained would have been deemed excellent at home we failed inexplicably in securing anything of exceptional size. There are three distinct species of trout in the Narenta: the yellow trout familiar to all of us; the large trout already alluded to, precisely similar to the former in shape, but of a slightly lighter colour; and a leather-mouthed variety, the like of which I have never seen or heard of elsewhere. This fish resembles an ordinary trout in every respect except the head, which might more appropriately belong to a grayling. I caught also large fish of the chub tribe which gave good sport in the heavy water. It will thus be seen that the Narenta affords ample scope for piscatorial enterprise, and in pointing out this fresh field I feel that I may legitimately lay claim to the gratitude of the angling fraternity at large.

Bosnia and the Herzegovina differ widely in their natural features. Whereas the former is generally fertile, wooded, and well watered, the prevailing characteristics of the latter country are a painful absence of trees and verdure, lofty bare mountain ranges of limestone rock, and a cultivation which is confined to the limited areas fertilised by rare and occasional water; occasional, since the rivers, after issuing ready made, as it were, from their mountain sources, suddenly disappear into the earth before their beneficent mission has been adequately fulfilled. It was through such a country that my route led. Leaving the plain of Mostar, the road continued gradually to ascend; the already scanty vegetation grew yet rarer;

human habitations few and far between, and little was to be seen but an interminable prospect of barren rocks glowing in the rays of a pitiless sun. Here and there appeared a few stone houses of fortified aspect, surrounded by cultivated fields, and occasionally a roadside guard-house. Everything betokened a poor land and an unsettled past. This district has been the scene of many a sanguinary struggle between the Turks and their Christian subjects; for the latter, of bolder and more independent character than the Bosnians, and aided, moreover, by their fierce Montenegrin neighbours, have constantly risen in insurrection. Though the tales of Turkish oppression in Europe so greedily swallowed in England some years ago were undoubtedly grossly exaggerated, it is probable that the peculiar character of the Herzegovina and its restricted areas of cultivation enabled the tax farmers to exercise a considerable amount of pressure. The peasants, unable or unwilling to pay, would take to the mountains and revenge themselves by acts of pillage and brigandage, in which they were frequently abetted by neighbouring Powers anxious to create a pretext for interference. Of such practices in the past the Austrians cannot be acquitted; but it is more than probable that the whirligig of time will bring its revenge, and that they in their turn will be called upon to combat the very evils which they formerly encouraged.

Anything more wild and gloomy than the treeless and waterless region which lies between Mostar and Ragusa it would be difficult to conceive. At the little towns where the journey is habitually broken, accommodation was kindly provided by the military authorities, who evidently looked upon me as a harmless lunatic. The lot of the Austro-Hungarian officers quartered in the Herzegovina is not enviable, and loud and long were their lamentations. It was bad enough, they complained, to be set down for years in barbarous places like Bilek and Stolatz, but far worse to garrison the innumerable mountain forts built for the double purpose of guarding the Montenegrin frontier and overawing the turbulent natives. It does not require much discernment to realise that the Imperial Government does not feel itself over secure in this district, and yet the elaborate defences against Montenegro savour of an exaggerated timidity.

The transition from the Herzegovina to Dalmatia affords probably one of the most striking contrasts in Europe. When I had surmounted the last pass, and beheld the blue Adriatic at my feet, I had passed, as it were, into another world. As the road descended the steep slope leading to Ragusa, the barren rocks and arid valleys gave place to groves of olive and orange and gardens brilliant with tropical vegetation. All seemed strange: the villas, the marble palaces of the ancient town, and the unfamiliar spectacle of persons in the garb of modern fashion. Here in Ragusa was civilisation equal to that of the Italy of to-day, and close at hand a country still plunged in primitive barbarism.

The steamer on which I embarked for Cattaro and Montenegro was crowded with a great variety of passengers: Austrian officials, Slav and Italian-speaking Dalmatians, monks, Albanians, and a number of country people. The latter wear a costume curiously approximating to the Turkish dress, a practice which may be traced to the inland trade with the Ottoman Empire formerly carried on by the Ragusan merchants. Trade, by the way, in Dalmatia at the present time is distinctly bad, and has been so ever since Napoleon handed over the country to Austria.

Immediately behind the picturesque little town of Cattaro rises a grim and lofty mountain range, beyond which lies Montenegro. It having long been one of the principles of Montenegrin statecraft that there should be no road into that country, the only access formerly was by a footpath which ascended an almost perpendicular cliff by extremely acute zigzags. Some years ago, however, the Austrians constructed a good road as far as their frontier, and Prince Nicholas was induced to carry it on to Cettinge. Leaving behind the vineyards, the olive groves, the thickets of oleander, the aloes and the palm trees which mark the environs of Cattaro, this road ascends the mountain in long spirals (brought within convenient range of a new fort), affording at every turn enchanting views over the Bocche. Arrived at the top of the pass a very different view is disclosed. As far as the eye can reach stretches a petrified sea, as it were, of grey limestone rocks and peaks. This is Montenegro, and if it were not for the unmistakable nationality of the inhabitants one would not know that the frontier had been crossed, for

barriers and custom-houses are evidently deemed superfluities. The extreme poverty of the country becomes immediately evident. The houses are wretched stone hovels, many of the fields are literally smaller than lawn-tennis courts, and there are numerous beggars—an unusual phenomenon in the Balkan States. No one can fail to be struck with the miserable appearance of the women. The Montenegrin, as we all know, is a redoubtable warrior, but industry is not his strong point, and both field and household work fall almost exclusively upon his unfortunate womankind. The men, therefore, usually spend their time in swaggering about armed with murderous weapons, or in contentedly smoking the chibouque of idleness, while their wives and daughters, in rags and tatters, stagger along under enormous burdens and plod behind the rude wooden ploughs. Indeed, it is only of late years, and chiefly in consequence of the Prince's example, that the Montenegrin has condescended to be seen with his female relatives in public. Even now the latter are expected to keep at a respectful distance behind the lords of creation.

Cettinge, the capital, is a large village composed almost entirely of white-washed cottages, containing possibly about 1,200 inhabitants. Two houses, larger than the rest, are the inn and the palace respectively; and rumour affirms that the profits on the former constitute a considerable item in the modest national revenue. Outside the palace is a large tree under which the Prince dispenses justice in patriarchal fashion, and I was fortunate enough to witness a characteristic incident. A body of about forty tribesmen marched into the town, drew up in line near the above-mentioned tree of justice, and announced that they refused to serve any longer in the army, the Prince having called them collectively liars. Whether there was any justification for this sweeping assertion I was unable to ascertain, but in any case the mutineers did not gain anything by their action, for his Highness repeated the offensive remark with considerable emphasis, immediately consigned the leader to gaol, and undertook that the remainder should shortly follow him. Having thus disposed of the military business of the day, the autocrat turned his attention to civil matters, and accompanied by his chief Ministers

of State was shortly occupied in superintending the erection of an outhouse.

While wandering about the town, I was accosted in French by a young native who kindly volunteered to show me the sights of the capital. These proved to be few in number. There is an ancient monastery partially burnt by the Turks; a national museum (empty as yet); a hall which serves as a theatre (also empty); an arsenal full of trophies taken from the Turks, and a prison. The latter deserves a few words, as its arrangements are original. The prisoners, in no way to be distinguished from the rest of the population, save that they are unarmed and are in some cases provided with enormous shackles, lounge about as they please on the open space in front of the gaol. As the latter occupies a good central position the inmates receive numerous visits, and though most carelessly guarded rarely attempt to escape. Indeed, one individual was introduced to me who had effected an escape and then returned of his own accord. All the prisoners appeared to be either murderers or, strange to say, Liberal politicians, and amongst the latter was an amiable-looking young man who informed me that he was a friend of Professor Bryce, M.P. The politicians were undergoing long sentences for having spoken or written disrespectfully of the existing form of government. Having ascertained that I was not an Austrian, the prisoners cordially invited me to inspect their abode, which consisted of some filthy rooms with mud floors and no furniture except a few rugs. Uninviting though the place appeared they assured me that they had nothing to complain of except the absence of female society. Truly a contented disposition is the most enviable possession in life, and one must go to the East to realise how little a human being requires to complete his happiness.

Of all Eastern races the Montenegrins are perhaps the most warlike and courageous. Their pugnacious temperament, indeed, renders them anything but acceptable in foreign lands, and if a *coup de main*, an abduction, or a filibustering raid has to be carried out in any of the neighbouring States, it will almost invariably be found that the instruments selected are Montenegrins. In their own country, however, they are kept in such subjection under the iron

rule of their Prince that crime is rare and travellers run no risk. During my stay in Cettinge I had an interview with this potentate, and, as he is a more or less historical personage, some details may be of interest.

Prince Nicholas is a tall handsome man of about fifty years of age, whose fine physique is admirably suited to the showy national costume which he habitually affects. His Highness was educated abroad and speaks excellent French. His features denote ambition and energy, and outwardly, at all events, he is a highly favourable specimen of the personal ruler. Although he has never been in England he apparently takes a keen interest in British politics, and immediately inquired, with evident eagerness, how soon the return to office of Mr. Gladstone might be expected, and whether I personally was not impatiently awaiting that auspicious event. Greatly to his surprise I replied that, however welcome such a contingency might be to him and to some of the European Powers, yet I, in common with a large section of my fellow countrymen, should regard it as little short of a national calamity. The Prince then proceeded to discuss the future of the Liberal Unionist party, and passing by a natural transition to Conservatism, I casually remarked that the race of ancient Tories was practically extinct at home and that I hoped to discover some survivors in Montenegro. "But," interrupted his Highness with considerable warmth, "I am a Liberal!" I thought of the prison partly filled with promising politicians which I had just quitted, but, following the example of the ancient philosopher who declined to argue with the master of many legions, held my peace. Subsequently, however, I elicited an opinion that it was all very well for the ruler to be Liberal, but that subjects should undoubtedly be Conservative. From the thorny paths of British politics the conversation wandered into other channels. The Prince betrayed a certain amount of satisfaction at the elaborate preparations made against him by the Austrians and the disparity of the precautions taken against the Servians, evidently seeing in this fact an unwilling tribute to Montenegrin valour. He dwelt with legitimate pride upon the security which prevailed in his realm as compared with Turkey, Servia, and Bulgaria, and remarked that he was always glad to welcome strangers, especially English

people, though the latter, from their more enterprising disposition, gave him more trouble than the others. He deplored the poverty of his subjects, grew enthusiastic over the sporting capacities of his territory, and recounted in particular such marvellous fishing stories that I positively shrink from reproducing them. With the view, however, of partially testing their accuracy, I ventured to suggest that the national revenue might be appreciably increased by leasing these phenomenal waters to wealthy British sportsmen. Finally his Highness charged me with reiterated messages of an affectionate character to Mr. Gladstone, evidently still finding it impossible to realise that anyone could be English and yet not the follower of so illustrious a man.

Prince Nicholas left upon me the impression of an intelligent, ambitious, and not over-scrupulous ruler. Whether he will ever realise his dream and become the head of a new and enlarged Serb State or Confederation remains to be seen, but there is little doubt that he will not miss his opportunity from want of enterprise. As for his subjects, although the national defects are conspicuously evident, it is difficult not to feel admiration for the courage, the honesty, and the well-bred courtesy which characterise the Montenegrins, the latter quality especially forming a refreshing contrast to the habitually servile and clownish bearing of the Eastern Christians. One often hears the phrase "nature's nobleman" applied to what appear to be indifferent objects; perhaps, on the whole, the Montenegrin peasant is better entitled than anyone else to this somewhat mysterious designation.

More fortunate than her neighbours, Montenegro stands in no danger of being absorbed by other Powers. Having made friends with the mammon of unrighteousness (Russia), she will always be able to count upon a not disinterested friendship, the fruits of which are a guarantee of independence. That the bellicose spirit of the nation will find vent in fresh annexations is more than probable, for Turkey is conveniently at hand, and that country, in the opinion of Europe, obviously exists solely for the purpose of satisfying the land hunger of Christian Powers.

As the shores of the beautiful Bocche di Cattaro faded from view, I found myself speculating on the future of other lands besides

Montenegro. What, for instance, is to be the eventual destiny of Bosnia, of the Herzegovina, of Dalmatia even? Will they remain under Austrian dominion, or will the Slavs—the Chinese of Europe—growing in power and gathering strength from day to day, concentrate their forces and build up a new State in this corner of Europe? Ask the opinion of an Austrian, and he will laugh to scorn the idea of abandoning Bosnia and the Herzegovina. Consult a Slav, and he will tell you that it is impossible for the Dual Empire to retain the Occupied Provinces for any length of time. Upon this disputed point the judgment of a passing tourist is not of much value, but there are certain facts which anyone can grasp. The crucial point as to whether the results of Austrian occupation have been such as to justify permanent possession may readily be answered in the affirmative. Roughly speaking, these results may be summed up as follows :—

Life and property in Bosnia and the Herzegovina are equally if not more secure than in any of the most civilised States in Europe. The provinces pay their way, and Herr von Kallay has latterly been able to show a surplus. (The cost of the troops, however, falls upon the Empire generally.) Communications have been enormously improved, and both provinces are now intersected by a network of admirable roads. Lastly, the natives appear contented with their lot.

In view of the fact that this region twelve years ago was one of the most disturbed districts in Europe, and that the Austrians naturally had no trained colonial administrators to rely upon, these achievements are more important than they appear at first sight. Nevertheless, impartial Austrians must occasionally have an uncomfortable feeling that progress might have been somewhat more rapid. It is indisputable that the country is very far from being opened up at present. No one can fail to be struck with the backward condition of the natives and of their only industry, viz., agriculture. After twelve years' civilised occupation an improvement upon the methods employed in the time of Abraham might reasonably be expected; some development, too, of mineral resources and a greater activity in public works might be looked for. Trade is undoubtedly dull, and though reported to be improving, it